The Outlook

DECEMBER 27, 1922

SHOULD CHILDREN BE COURT-MARTIALED?

AS a result of hazing at Annapolis the President has ordered the dismissal of two first-class midshipmen and the reduction to a lower class of three more. Other cases are awaiting executive action.

The President is emphatically right in expelling and reducing midshipmen guilty of hazing at the Naval Academy. We trust that Congressmen will have learned by this time to keep their hands off cases of discipline at the Naval Academy and that there will be no interference, successful or otherwise, with the sentences which the President has confirmed.

The persistence of the hazing tradition at Annapolis is rather incomprehensible to the country at large. College traditions can, if handled wisely, be created or abolished in a comparatively short space of time. Hazing even in its mild orm has died out or is dying out of every civil institution in the country of any standing. The Annapolis students, by supporting and sanctioning the hazing of underclass men, manifest nothing except their own childishness.

It sometimes seems that, instead of treating them like men who can be held accountable for their acts, they ought to be given caps and bells and stood in corners with their faces to the wall. Such punishment, however, is impossible, for though the mentality of a hazer may be infantile, the offense he commits against decency and discipline is very serious.

IN KANSAS CITY THEY MOVE QUICKLY

MR. C. K. TAYLOR'S contention that children should be first given a thorough medical examination and then, if found healthy, developed physically in accordance with their natural and normal type of build has attracted Nation-wide interest. And now the great "under-weight delusion," which, as readers of The Outlook know, troubled Mr. Taylor exceedingly, has been given a body blow by Kansas City, Missouri.

As a result of his Outlook articles Mr. Taylor was invited by the Rotary Club of Kansas City to present his views in person before the parents, physicians, and educational leaders of that wide-awake and progressive city. Some of our Eastern *intelligentsia*, if they should happen to read The Outlook, might learn from this statement that Rotary Clubs have other and more vital functions than merely that of boosting their home towns. They build as well as boost.

Kansas City kept Mr. Taylor extremely busy. He gave demonstrations of his method of measuring healthy children before the Rotary Club, the Jackson County Medical Association, the Parents-Teachers Association, the Boy Scouts, and most of the educational authorities of the city. In the course of the week Mr. Taylor gave twenty-one lectures, most of them with demonstrations.

Of the results of this week's campaign Mr. Taylor writes:

> On Saturday was a meeting of the physical training heads of the various schools. Every one had seen the workings of the plan in his or her own school. A brief résumé of the plan was again outlined to them, and then Dr. Cammack, the progressive superintendent, said, simply, "Shall we take up this new system?"
>
> "Yes," they unanimously replied.
>
> "All right," said he; "we'll get the material right away."
>
> And that was all there was to it. How directly these Middle Westerners go to a point! If a matter is practical and useful, it is promptly taken over. And I thought of an aggressive but sadly experienced head of the physical training department of one of our Eastern public school systems, who, while deciding to introduce the height-weight plan, showed that it would take a year or two to do so openly! For there would be prejudices against anything new that had to be overcome. There would have to be much newspaper publicity and education through the press. There would have to be much diplomacy, for groups of aliens that comprise so large a proportion of the population of our Eastern cities would make an awful fuss if a boy took his shirt off so that his chest could be examined! What a contrast to Kansas City, with the scores of schoolboys measured during that week, sturdy sons of pioneering Americans, like their fathers keen for physical fitness, who not only were measured from head to foot without a stitch on their backs, but who went home and bragged about their scores to their admiring and approving parents!

The physical standards developed by Mr. Taylor have been accepted by nine public school systems, six private schools, two foreign mission schools, several Boy Scout troops, one Girl Scout troop, one life insurance company, and a State School for the Deaf in Michigan. All this has occurred during the past year. An article by Mr. Taylor on the introduction of his system in public schools is published in this issue.

CARTS BEFORE HORSES

AS school and college students know, it has been the custom of the august authorities to examine their victims on the progress they are making in the utilization and acquisition of facts. Harvard seems to have adopted what may be considered by some a Chinese version of the accepted practice. In one instance it gave an examination in the beginning instead of the end of a course. Appropriately enough, this test was given in the basic college course in Government, known to all Harvard men as Gov. 1, a course which Dr. Lowell himself conducted for several years before he was made President of Harvard University.

This examination was designed to test the student's power to use terms accurately, his background of elementary information of public affairs, his general knowledge of the sequence of events of American history, and his reaction to simple questions of public policy. There were forty-five questions in the test as a whole, and the time allowed for the examination was twenty minutes. It included such questions as the following:

> *Where the two words mean the same thing, or nearly the same thing, mark Yes; where they mean quite different things, mark No.*
>
> Abbreviate—Curtail; Prolix—Verbose; Centripetal—Disintegrating; Plenary—Restricted; Iconoclastic—Idolizing.
>
> *By striking out words make the following sentences accurate:*
>
> It was Lee Washington Pershing Stark who said "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."
>
> Daniel Webster was a native of New Hampshire a graduate of Dartmouth College the editor of a famous dictionary and a Senator from Massachusetts.
>
> *Where the statement is accurate, mark Yes; where it is inaccurate, mark No.*
>
> The decisions of a grand jury must be unanimous.
>
> An American citizen who accepts an office in any foreign government loses his American citizenship.
>
> The Constitution provides that the President and the Vice-President must not be residents of the same State.
>
> *Where the events are placed in their proper chronological order mark Yes; where they are not so placed, mark No.*
>
> Jay's Treaty, Jackson's war on the Bank, Fourteenth Amendment, Greenback Controversy.
>
> Framing of the Constitution, Mexi-

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can War, Missouri Compromise, Promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Complete each of the sentences by marking a cross (X) after the clause which helps to make the most sensible statement.

Congress is made up of two Houses
- to represent all parts of the country
- because there were two Houses during the Revolution
- to prevent hasty and unwise legislation

The secret ballot is used because it
- protects the voter against intimidation
- prevents men from voting twice
- makes votes easier to count

One freshman confronted with this test scored 100 per cent, and other members of the course made only a few mistakes. It would seem from this result that the growth in the study of civics and government in our primary and secondary schools has not been without definite results. Either that or the present-day college student takes a wider interest in public affairs than he is credited with by those who lament the shortcomings of the rising generation.

GOVERNOR ALLEN ON THE KU KLUX KLAN

KANSAS is engaged in trying out the Ku Klux Klan through an action brought in the State Supreme Court to restrain its secret activities. Naturally, Governor Henry J. Allen is much interested in the question. In an interview in New York recently Governor Allen gave such a vivid description of the Klan as he sees it that we quote at some length from it in the New York "Herald:"

> In my State the thing has gone beyond a laughing matter. Every day my mail is choked with letters from people who have received threats—pitiful letters from poor people so frightened they know not what to do. Every one who has a private grudge is using the Klan to scare his enemy. Bigotry and religious intolerance are rife. Pulpits where once was preached the brotherhood of man now thunder denunciations against each other, and neighbors who in years gone by lived in peace and harmony now hate each other with a hatred which passes understanding. And they say that all this is the aftermath of a feeling engendered by the war. There is no doubt that many excellent men have joined the Klan from misdirected zeal. In New Orleans its activity is directed against the Jewish element. In other parts of the South the object is the Negro. In Kansas it is the Catholic. I myself have been branded by the Klan as a Catholic and all of my family, Catholic. They must have been somewhat surprised when they discovered that I am a Methodist, a thirty-second degree Mason, and a lot of other things which a Catholic cannot be.

What is proposed in Kansas is to have the Supreme Court uphold the State Charter Board in denying the Klan a charter, and thereby make it illegal for the Klan to carry on its organization work. Other States take notice!

AVIATION WITHOUT LAW

BOOTLEGGING by airplane between the United States and Canada continues to thrive; Lieutenant Maynard, the "Flying Parson," is killed; President Harding and thousands of spectators at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial are placed in jeopardy by an irresponsible low-flying aviator; and the lives of countless thousands of innocent spectators at the Yale Bowl and other stadiums are risked unnecessarily because the House of Representatives has so far failed to provide, as forty other nations have provided, for Governmental regulation of civil aviation. And this in spite of the fact that the entire aeronautical industry has asked for that Governmental "interference" to which many American industries have objected.

Before you went hunting cottontail or deer this winter you had to have a hunting license; before you sat down behind the wheel of the new car you likewise had to have an automobile license. But if you have the price of an airplane and a few gallons of gas there is nothing in the world—or, rather, in the United States—to hinder your going and coming as you please, without let, hindrance, or license. If you are an irresponsible "stunt" pilot with an obsolete "war" machine, or an unattached or "gypsy" flier with a rickety contraption hitched to a sputtering motor, no one can prevent you from taking passengers for "joy" rides at so much per head.

THE LAW PROPOSED

ONE of the most important pieces of legislation now before the House is the Wadsworth Bill providing for Federal control of civil aviation, which the Senate passed months ago. If the Wadsworth Bill is enacted into law, there will be established in the Department of Commerce a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics, which will regulate and encourage flying. This Bureau will co-operate with the Forest Service or any other Government bureau which seeks aerial co-operation. The fitness of an applicant for a license to operate an airplane will be passed upon by experts. The machine itself will be inspected and tested, and if found airworthy a license will be issued. Pilots who engage in performances which imperil the lives of others will lose their "papers," and all kinds of "stunt" flying and swooping low over outdoor assemblages will be prohibited. As things stand, there is no provision for any of these things. In other words, if the Wadsworth Bill is enacted into law, flying will be made safer, and rickety airplanes and reckless pilots will be for the most part eliminated. The benefit, therefore, will be shared by those who make airplanes, those who pilot them, those who ride in them as passengers, and those who watch them fly.

Opposition to the passage of the House bill is practically nil. On the other hand, the Department of Commerce, the Army Air Service, the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, the National Aeronautic Association, the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, and other civilian and Governmental agencies are for it.

AIR CONTROL AND AIR CAUTION NEEDED

THAT some sort of control over aviation is needed, however, is not merely the opinion of aeronautical authorities or the long-suffering public, for a committee of the American Bar Association recently began a campaign for uniform aviation laws in all the States. The need for such laws or for Federal control of aviation was strikingly illustrated when that irresponsible pilot flew low over the Lincoln Memorial assemblage. That this solemn ceremony was not turned into a disaster was a matter of mere luck. Maynard, the "Flying Parson," made a splendid record as a pilot in our Army Air Service during the war, and was the victor in America's first transcontinental flight. The blame for his untimely end is placed by aeronautical authorities on the obsolete and patched-up machine with which he did "stunts" at the Vermont fair.

That airplanes are not necessarily deadly means of transportation is shown by the fact that our transcontinental mail pilots recently completed a year of flying without a single fatality, although they flew back and forth over the Rocky Mountains and other dangerous territory in all sorts of weather and at all hours of the day and night. This shows what can be accomplished through caution used in selecting pilots and a rigid inspection of machines. A few airplanes have fallen, just as a few steamships have foundered and a few railway trains have been wrecked. But the vast majority, when caution has been used in selecting the pilot and inspecting the machine, have flown without accident.

There are statistics showing that in a single year more than 250,000 persons have been carried something like 6,000,000 miles in American airplanes without a single fatality from straight flying. At the same time hundreds of machines in the Army and the Navy Air Services also functioned without accident. No one doubts that commercial aviation is here to stay, just as the automobile and railway train are here to stay. Every-

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BOTH OBSERVE AND ANSWER

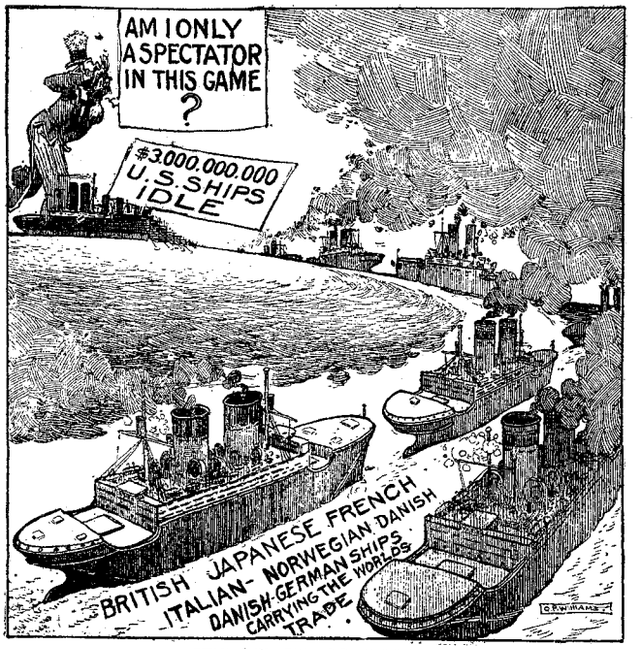
(Coriolanus, Act II, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Kansas City Star

LETTING IN THE LIGHT

From Jessie M. Willitt, Liberal, Kansas

Williams in the Pittsburgh Press


AM I ONLY A SPECTATOR IN THIS GAME ?
$3,000,000,000 U.S. SHIPS IDLE
BRITISH JAPANESE FRENCH ITALIAN- NORWEGIAN DANISH GERMAN SHIPS CARRYING THE WORLDS TRADE

IT'S UP TO CONGRESS

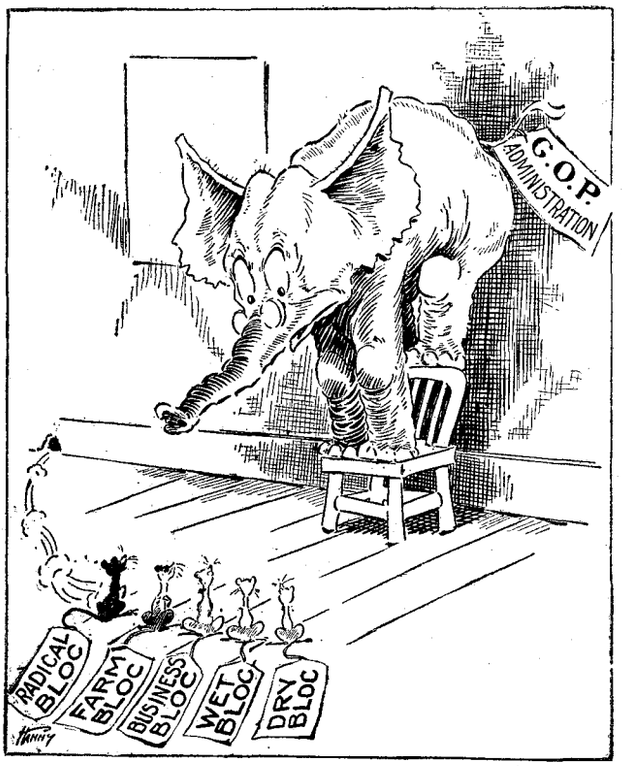
From W. E. Morgan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Darling in the Louisville Herald

A GOOD MOTTO, BUT WHY THE DISGUISE?

From Harold Percival, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!

From Mrs. E. L. Neely, Prescott, Wis.

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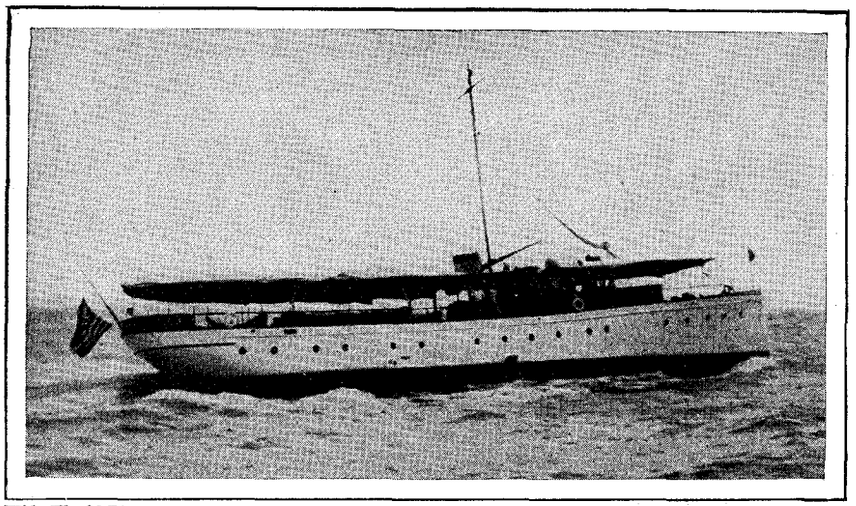

Wide World Photos

SPEEJACKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR AFTER CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE

thing possible should be done by Government regulation and otherwise to promote its safety. Above all, there should be Federal restrictions against airplanes being flown over cities and outdoor assemblages except at a considerable height. For even the best pilot may make an error in judgment; even the best of machines may experience some mechanical trouble which may necessitate a quick descent.

AN ADVENTUROUS HONEYMOON

INTO the port of New York came a motor yacht just under one hundred feet in length with a beam of seventeen feet and a draught of six. Vessels of this type and size as a rule do not excite much interest in the waters along the Atlantic coast. This particular vessel, however, had dropped in from a trip around the world—the first voyage to be made by a craft of this kind.

Speejacks sailed a year ago last August from Miami, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Gowen, of Cleveland, on a honeymoon voyage. She passed through the Panama Canal, and thence westward, through the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Atlantic, back to the starting-place. The voyage was a perilous one, for Speejacks was almost entirely dependent upon her engine power and her gasoline supply. From the photograph it would appear that the only sails which she carried were one square sail and a jib. The signal mast upon which these are set does not look heavy enough to carry sail in much of a blow.

We should say that the feat of the Speejacks is one not likely to be repeated. A power yacht is certainly not the most comfortable type of ocean craft that can be built. A Gloucester schooner with auxiliary power could make the voyage in comparative comfort and at greatly reduced expense. Why burn gasoline where the trade winds blow?

STOP, LOOK—AND LISTEN

WHY shouldn't a Museum of Art include music? Isn't music one of the greatest and fines tof the arts?

Four years ago a remarkable series of concerts, free to any one who might care to come, was the contribution of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, to the concert season. These first concerts were very quietly ushered in, for with the exception of brief announcements in the daily papers and the placards placed in the doors of the Museum they were unheralded. On the first Saturday night in January, fifty-four symphony orchestra players took their places in the north end of the huge gallery above the great Fifth Avenue Hall of the Museum and under the leadership of David Mannes gave as delightful a concert as might be heard in New York. The hundreds who came to the first concert felt the pride of those who officiate at some event which proves later to have been one of much importance as they mingled with the thousands who came thereafter.

Following the example of New York, London's museum also has added music to the arts which it offers the public, and has had presented a series of chamber music concerts.

It has been the custom for many years to have a symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Mannes, play in the Metropolitan Museum of Art on reception days. The possibilities for concerts of good music as an additional part of the work of the Museum interested Director Edward Robinson, the trustees, and Conductor Mannes; and such a series was planned. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made generous donations to make these evenings possible, as have Robert W. de Forest, Edward S. Harkness, Henry Walters, Arthur Curtiss James, and Michael Friedsam.

Mr. Mannes's programmes have been arranged with the utmost care and have delighted alike the trained muiscian and the average music lover. The philosopher-composer Brahms has been heard many times at the Museum concerts, both in his symphonies and the more widely known Hungarian Dances. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Dvořák, Schumann symphonies have been played, as have overtures, symphonic poems, suites, and shorter selections by the most representative composers. Contemporary musicians have not been neglected. For this season's concerts, four on Saturday nights in January and four in March, Mr. Mannes will present programmes which prove that the Museum concerts have attained the full dignity of symphony concerts. A partial list of the works to be played is as follows: Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Fourth of Tschaikowsky, Schubert's "Unfinished," Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the first movement from César Franck's D Minor Symphony, Theme and Variations by Beethoven, one of the Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsodies," "The Fountains of Rome" by the Italian modernist Respighi, two movements from a suite for strings and solo flute by Bach, the "Festival Overture" of Brahms, minuets by Mozart and Schubert, Volkmann's suite for strings with cello obligato, Weber's overture to "Oberon," Berlioz's "March to the Gallows," Wagner's "Forest Sounds" from "Siegfried," overture to Tannhäuser, Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" Suite and "Marche Slav."

The director of the Museum, Edward Robinson, has arranged that this year, as in the preceding ones, the Museum will be open for a short time after the concerts so that those who so desire may visit the galleries and collections before going home. As usual, lectures illustrative of the music to be played will be given in the Lecture Hall of the Museum on the afternoons of the concert days.

SHALL WE TURN THEM BACK TO THEIR PERSECUTORS?

AMONG those fleeing from the Turk are Greeks and Armenians who have relatives in America.

Naturally these refugees think of their relatives here as natural and competent protectors. Some of them have tried to join them in this free country. Those among them who have made their journey as far as the Port of New York have found for the most part an impassable door between them and their kin.

Nothing could illustrate more effectively the stupidity and heartlessness of a law that attempts to deal with a human problem on the basis of arithmetic. The so-called quota law determines the fate of an immigrant, not by the qualities he possesses, but by the percentage already admitted from the country from which

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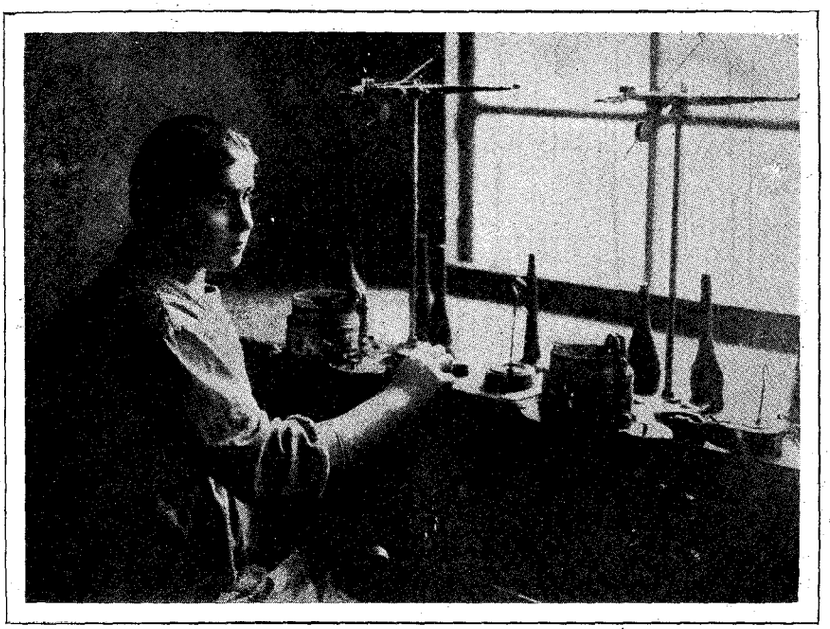
he hails. It happens that the Turkish quota of 2,388 is exhausted for the year. It matters not that there are Americans of Greek and Armenian origin prosperous enough, as well as willing, to support these relatives, mainly women and children, who are coming to them for succor. They have to see these people who are no menace to the labor market, who are otherwise admissible, and who are eager for education, turned back.

To pass a law which would admit all otherwise admissible refugees would open the gate to a flood of immigrants from many parts of the world; for there is scarcely any part of Europe or Asia from which people are not ready to flee. But there is no reason why these particular refugees should not be admitted. The number is limited. The emergency is quite extraordinary. And the alternative of turning them back is exceptionally inhumane.

Congress should lift the Turkish quota sufficiently to enable the otherwise admissible refugees from Anatolia and Thrace to join relatives here who are ready and able to take care of them.



Courtesy Near East Relief

AN ARMENIAN CHRISTIAN GIRL WHO ESCAPED FROM A TURKISH HAREM AND IS NOW AN AMERICAN WARD

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES IN POST OFFICE RECIPROCITY

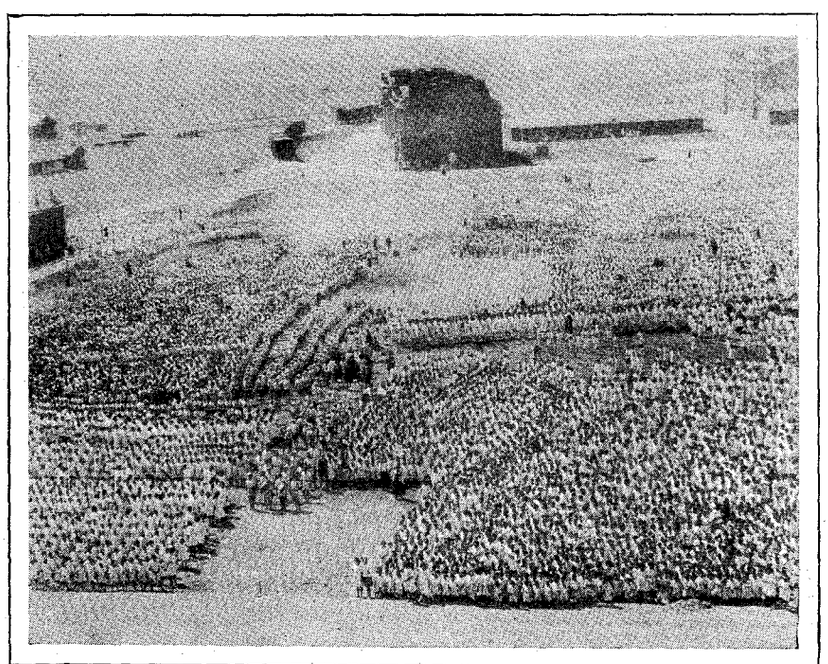
A VERY interesting and significant conference was recently held at Ottawa when Canadian and United States officials met for the first time in joint conference to discuss measures for the more effective handling of mails passing between the two countries.

This meeting was attended by the Postmasters-General of both countries and by a number of their department heads; a great variety of subjects were discussed and many important decisions arrived at.

Some of the many matters dealt with were the adjustment of weight limits for merchandise parcels and the rates of postage and insurance thereon; arrangements for the transit of the mails of one country through the territory of the other; the equalization of special delivery rates; direct correspondence between postmasters in this country and Canada and *vice versa;* the distribution of postcards mailed in Canada for United States points prepaid in United States postage stamps; the extension of United States railway mail clerks' runs to points in Canada; and a great many other subjects not always of interest to the general public but of great importance to the smooth and efficient handling of the mails and the elimination of red tape.

This conference is the culmination of a long series of events appertaining to postal matters affecting this country and the Dominion which began in the year 1763, when Benjamin Franklin opened post offices at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal and established the first postal service between Montreal and New York, via Lake Champlain and Lake George. Since then from time to time various postal conventions have been entered into by this country with Canada, but the recent conference is the first occasion upon which officials actually responsible for the conduct of postal affairs in both countries have met in joint session, have discussed common problems, made mutual concessions, and arrived at solutions mutually satisfactory. Negotiations in the past have been conducted on the basis of diplomatic interchanges.

A real spirit of reciprocity marked the proceedings. "We ask no concessions," declared the Hon. Hubert Work, Postmaster-General of the United States, "except those that are going to be of mutual advantage. We are willing to concede anything conceived in that spirit. We ask for no privileges and no advantages, but only the opportunity to co-operate." While in his address of welcome the Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster-General of Canada, assured the visitors that, "although in their journey from Washington to Ottawa they crossed



P. & A. Photos

"THE LARGEST ORPHANAGE IN THE WORLD"—SOME OF THE 17,000 CHILDREN OF THE NEAR EAST RELIEF ORPHANAGE AT ALEXANDROPOL, TRANSCAUCASIA, HONORING VISITING OFFICIALS FROM THE UNITED STATES

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the international boundary-line, they did not then enter a country of strangers. Quite the reverse. They are, in fact, among friends and brothers, who are desirous of expressing neighborly feeling and international good will in deeds rather than in words."

POLAND'S FIRST ASSASSINATION

Two days after he entered upon his duties as President of the Republic of Poland and only a week after his election to that office Gabriel Narutowicz was assassinated just as he had finished an address at an art exhibition.

At first the assassination was ascribed to political motives, on the supposition, apparently, that the turbulent and exciting political conditions in Poland had something to do with the matter. The victim's political opponents had attacked him as a radical and asserted that he favored non-Poles (meaning chiefly Polish Jews) and foreign-born races. He was himself a Swiss citizen until recently, although he was born in Warsaw. It soon appeared, however, that the assassin, Niewadomski, was certainly a person of unbalanced mind and probably was positively demented. This has led to a very general comparison of the crime with the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau. In both cases probably the effect of sensational and irresponsible political attacks on the victim had some effect on the minds of the assassins.

One Polish newspaper expressed the belief that the crime has a serious aspect because of the present political complications; another spoke more positively, but perhaps without full information, as to political motives for the crime itself; there is a general and evidently sincere expression in Poland of horror and condemnation. Following the assassination there have been many arrests of persons suspected of connection with political plots and disorder. It is stated that Niewadomski's wildness and irresponsibility had led to his expulsion from two separate political parties.

General Haller, some of whose followers were accused, probably recklessly, of being implicated in the crime, has a notably fine record of war service and is known to Americans because he commanded in France the American, British, and Polish volunteers.

Marshal Pilsudski, the successor of Mr. Paderewski as Premier of Poland, is now at the head of the Polish army, replacing General Sikorski, who has become Premier at the head of a newly organized Cabinet.

Despite all that has been said about the tendency of the Poles' fierceness in political life and about their warlike propensities, it is pointed out by Mr. Paderewski in his comments deploring the recent crime that this is the first time in the history of Poland that a ruler has been assassinated.

AT LAUSANNE

Two somewhat incongruous subjects are occupying the attention of the Lausanne Conference at this writing—the Turkish proposal to banish the Patriarch of the Greek Church, and the control of Mosul, which means oil, although that word is carefully avoided in all the discussions. Turkey's willingness to join the League of Nations if she can have her way as to Mosul has an almost humorous aspect.

Meanwhile conditions as to the use of the Dardanelles Straits and the waters to the east, including the Black Sea, are still under debate. The plan now most favored seems to be to allow each nation to have in those waters at one time only three warships, which should be of not over ten thousand tons. This is not acceptable to Russia, but seems to be fairly satisfactory to the other nations. It does not exactly accord with the American view, but we shall probably be satisfied with permission to send small war-vessels on peaceful errands to Black Sea ports, which is really what our delegates most insist upon.

The proposal to banish the Greek Patriarch has naturally excited opposition and hostility throughout the Christian peoples of the East. Greece especially resents this action. A vigorous protest has been received by the Conference from religious organizations in England and America in nowise affiliated with the Greek Church.

In every matter that comes up for discussion at Lausanne the Conference runs against the continued assertion of Turkey that it must and will have absolute national independence and integrity. Ismet Pasha declares that his Government will not accept any sacrifice of principle involving Turkish independence, but that it is ready to make reasonable treaties which shall conform with international law and reciprocity and that the Nationalist Government recognizes the power of its people as fully as does any other governing body.

This sounds logical, but, as we have said before, the Powers have in the history of the past good reasons to make them demand assurances as to the treatment of their own peoples in Turkey and for the recognition of the rights of minorities in Turkey as against religious or racial persecution.

REPARATION NOT REPRISAL

If a Rip Van Winkle had waked just in time to read American newspapers about the middle of this month he might have easily concluded that Germany had been invaded by her neighbors, had been subjected to devastation, had lost her factories and her railways, and in general had been deprived by her enemies of the common means of livelihood.

It is not by chance that the picture of a prostrate and suffering Germany has appeared again at this time. France has suggested the possibility of seizing certain German property in the Ruhr unless satisfactory payments on account of reparations are made by January 15. A similar picture of German poverty has been presented every time a day of reckoning has approached. And the picture has called forth a generous response from the sympathies of the world.

GUARANTIES FOR EVERYBODY BUT FRANCE

The people of America and England in particular have become very sorry for Germany. They do not like to think of her university professors living on the edge of starvation. They do not like to hear about German children being short of food and clothing. So sympathetic with Germany have people become that a resolution has been introduced into Congress providing for an appropriation of $70,000,000 to feed the starving Germans and Austrians.

The farmers of the Western States have, moreover, seen the opportunity of providing the starving Germans with millions of bushels of wheat if there is only some way by which they can get payment for it. Bankers have been talking about providing a loan for Germany on condition that they can get a perfectly trustworthy guaranty for the ultimate payment of the loan. English politicians and business people are moved with a desire to see Germany placed back upon her feet, since a prosperous Germany will provide a market for British exports—that is, will be able to pay for them. So sympathy has formed a partnership with business instincts.

Of course English merchants and American farmers and American bankers want guaranties.

But everybody seems to be denouncing France for wanting a guaranty too.

NOT REVENGE, BUT A MORTGAGE

Why is it righteous for American farmers and American bankers to require a guaranty, and wicked for Frenchmen to do so? A search into history reveals the fact that it was not

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Germany that was invaded, after all, but France. It was French factories which were destroyed. It was French land that was devastated. It was French mines that were deliberately and maliciously flooded.

It has already been decided that France is not morally required to pay for what Germany did to her. It has been decided that Germany owes all that she can pay to undo the damage she did. For the payment of this debt France received the offer of a guaranty, by a treaty of alliance with Great Britain and America, but never received the guaranty itself. She expected some kind of guaranty from the League of Nations, but has been disappointed there. The only guaranty that is left to her is to take a mortgage on some of the German real estate—for example, in the industrial region of the Ruhr. But Great Britain and America are very sure that such a mortgage would not be for their interests. There is nothing punitive or vengeful about bankers wanting a guaranty for a loan; there is nothing punitive or vengeful about American farmers wanting payment for wheat even from hungry people in Germany; but somehow the impression has got abroad that in desiring a guaranty for the payment that is justly due her France is proving herself to be in a vengeful and punitive mood.

Bonar Law, the British Prime Minister, has not been in sympathy with the French desire to take possession of the industrial resources of the Ruhr; but he has seemed to understand the French point of view better than his predecessor. He has stated it to Parliament as follows:

> I think it is right that we should try to look at these questions from the point of view of France. What is their view? Germany undertook to pay a very large amount. Almost nothing has been paid.
>
> Since then we have had conference after conference, and what has been the result? The result has been in every case, in one form or another, that at the end of the period of moratorium we have found ourselves in a worse position for getting money out of Germany than we were before the discussions.
>
> That is the view of France. She may also very fairly say that this result is largely due to the deliberate action of Germany.
>
> Now, what was that action? There is not the smallest doubt that the German Government did allow this tremendous depreciation to take place, and it is a fact that this depreciation does make it impossible for Germany to meet these reparations payments.
>
> The French go further—they say it has been deliberately done by Germany. Well, honestly, I cannot myself take that view. I cannot do it, for this reason: by the method of passive resistance they could forever avoid paying the indemnity.
>
> But there is this to be said for the French view—the inflation has enabled the great industrial groups who exercise great power in Germany to make enormous fortunes, although it was part of the arrangement with the German Government that this should not take place and that the money should be made available for reparations.
>
> There is no doubt whatever that, if there had been a strong enough Government in Germany to face the real position, it was their clear duty, and not only in their own interest, that they should try to put their finances on a sound basis. They have never tried. Maybe this was not their policy, maybe they had not the power, but that is the result.

AMERICA NOT A NEUTRAL

Though the American Government has not at this writing made any official announcement, it is clear that the Administration is considering the possibility of some action to aid in rescuing Europe from economic chaos. Ambassador Harvey has been summoned from England. Unofficial statements have appeared in the press indicating very clearly that the President has a plan or plans under consideration.

Among the rumors regarded as important enough to be cabled as news abroad was the suggestion of a loan of $1,500,000,000 to Germany. There is no intimation that this would be a Government loan; but it is strongly intimated that American bankers would not be willing to float such a loan unless it was backed by the guaranty of the American Government.

Objections from both Britain and France have at once been raised to such a loan as this. The objection that is at once obvious is that such a loan, if practicable at all, would take precedence over Germany's debts to other countries. Another objection is that no bonds of such a loan could be sold unless France undertook not to get any guaranty herself by seizing German property. Still further objection is that such a loan would be utterly inadequate to stabilize the mark, and even if it were used for that purpose would, according to certain economists, bring about an utter collapse of German industry.

In this situation the "Journal of Commerce," which has a very practical knowledge of finance, sees "hopeful symptoms." It is significant that it bases its opinion as to the chance of improvement, not upon any specific financial programme, but upon the sign that Germany is more willing to do her part than she has seemed to be heretofore, that France is showing a better spirit, that Great Britain under Bonar Law is substituting common sense for selfish policies, and that the "entente between Great Britain, France, and Italy is on a firmer ground than at any time since the war."

It is certain that the chief question is not one of pounds or francs or marks; it is a question of mind and heart and will. There is little chance that America can do much merely with her dollars. There is chance that America can contribute to a clearer understanding, a better disposition, and a firmer purpose in all the nations involved.

We hope, however, that, whatever America does, she will not assume the rôle of arbitrator. The fact is we are not in the position of an arbitrator. We are not and cannot be, in either justice to other nations or justice to ourselves, a neutral. We cannot assume a lofty attitude, as if we had never taken part in the conflict. We did take part on the side of justice and liberty. Upon us as well as upon other nations rests the duty of seeing that those who were aggressors in that conflict shall not shift their burdens to their victims.

JOHN WANAMAKER, MERCHANT

IT takes more than success to make a career memorable and significant. A. T. Stewart made a great commercial success because he was the first to put into effect certain sound business ideas, such as one fixed price, and because he was shrewd in buying and an indefatigable worker. But his success did not have deep roots; after his death the business fell off deplorably. Then came John Wanamaker, with the background of the Philadelphia enterprise that he built up year by year after a modest start with a few thousand dollars, until it came to have a turn-over of $25,000,000 a year. He took over the Stewart stores in New York. For a time success and failure seemed to hang even in the balance.

What won was John Wanamaker's personality; he put himself into the organization; he made each department a store in itself, each buyer for a department a minor merchant. People went to his stores, not so much in search of bargains (for there were cheaper department stores), but because merchandising was there carried on with skill and knowledge and by the gathering of goods from world-wide commerce, and because taste and variety were aimed at constantly. The customers liked also the art and musical treats furnished them without charge, a distinctive feature of Mr. Wanamaker's invention.

In all ways the great merchant thought of the human and æsthetic elements as well as those of cost, price, and profit. He regarded the business of a

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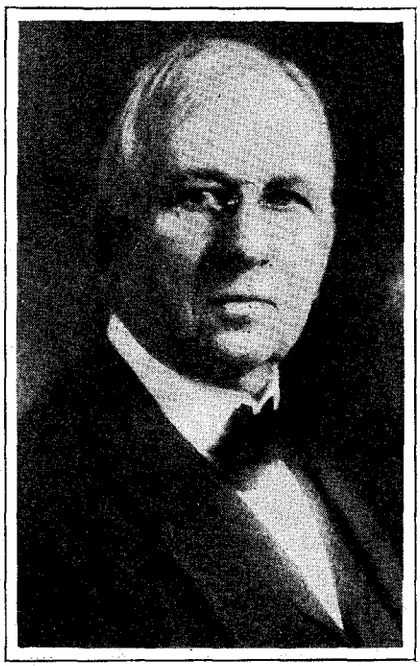
great store as having professional and idealistic sides, and he sought for the good will and kindly feeling of those who worked for him as well as of those who bought from him.

As in his business, so in his relations to his fellow-citizens, Mr. Wanamaker was easily and naturally friendly. He was a philanthropist, not from pressure or to be praised, but because he truly cared for others. He started a profit system in the Philadelphia store many years ago; he founded libraries, pension and benefit clubs for employees, and a cadet corps for the boys; he became a large factor in the National building up of the Young Men's Christian Association; he was a noted figure in Sunday-school work, and said that it was his best way of resting; as Postmaster-General under President Harrison he used his business astuteness for the general good.

Always, as a friend writes of him, John Wanamaker ennobled service; he dignified labor; he made business a profession equal to any other. He wrote his own epitaph when he said: "Thinking, trying, toiling, and trusting in God is all of my biography."



International

JOHN WANAMAKER

TINKERING

AMENDING the Constitution promises to become an annual pastime. Like football, for example.

Even President Harding has joined in the sport, and has advocated not one, but two Constitutional amendments.

The latest attempt at amendment is one made by the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and is for the purpose of changing the terms of the President, Vice-President, Senators, and Representatives and the machinery of the Presidential election.

What agriculture or forestry has to do with the subject of the proposed amendment passes the mind of any one but a Senator to understand. The explanation—it cannot be called a reason—for this strange procedure is Senator Caraway's desire to have a resolution of his, for which this proposed amendment was substituted, scrutinized by the friendly eyes of the committee of which Senator Norris is chairman.

The purpose of the amendment is good. The intentions of those who favor it are of the best. The effect of the amendment, if put into operation, would be partly harmful, but mainly beneficent. We doubt very much, however, whether all the good that it is proposed to do by this amendment could not be equally as well done by law.

The chief object which this amendment would accomplish is a prompter response to the people's will as shown by their votes. At present the people in November of one year vote for a Congress which normally does not meet until the December of the following year. At present the people elect a President in November, and yet the President who is supplanted remains in office until the following March. This delay between the command of the people and its execution was well enough, and indeed quite necessary, in the day of the post-chaise in a sparsely settled land of pioneers. It is altogether unnecessary and unjustified in the days of the railway and the telegraph in a land of a people long trained in self-government. The amendment now proposed would summon Congress into session on the first Monday of the January following the November election, and two weeks after the assembling of Congress would place in office the newly elected President.

For this desirable change it seems to us somewhat doubtful whether an amendment to the Constitution is necessary.

There is nothing in the Constitution which prevents Congress from providing by law that the Representatives elected in November shall take office on the first of January following. Since that is so, the new Congress can assemble on the first of January without a Constitutional amendment. It is true that according to the Constitution Senators are elected for six years, and if that be construed as preventing Senators from having their terms shortened by two months by law, nothing prevents the old Senate meeting with the new House. As the Senate is a slowly changing body, anyway, this is not serious.

As for the changing of the inauguration of the President from the Fourth of March to the third Monday in January—a very desirable change—there is nothing in the Constitution itself preventing it except the provision that the President shall be elected for four years. The first President of the United States, however, was elected for four years, and yet his first term was only from April 30, 1789, to the Fourth of March of the fourth year later—that is, nearly two months short of four years. Since the Constitution provides that the Congress shall "assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December unless they shall by law appoint a different day;" and since the shortening of Washington's first term is a good precedent; we see no reason why Congress (perhaps leaving the newly elected Senators to take their seats later) should not by law summon the newly elected Congress into assembly on the first Monday, and place in office the newly elected President on the third Monday, in the January following their election.

If a Constitutional amendment be necessary for this purpose, it need be only a very simple one.

Mr. Norris's amendment, on the other hand, is cumbersome, clumsy in phraseology, and in a great part unnecessary. Not only would it change the date of the inauguration, but it would also abolish the Electoral College without changing in any appreciable degree the very sound principle of voting by States. If Mr. Norris's amendment were to make the election of the President a matter of mere majority vote of the total of all the voters in any Presidential election, the abolition of the Electoral College would be significant, though at the same time it would be contrary to the best interests of the country. Mr. Norris's amendment, however, simply substitutes the impersonal votes of the respective States for the votes cast by persons called electors.

It is claimed that this change, if made, will make possible the election of a candidate for President from one party and a candidate for Vice-President from another. This would be not progress, but reaction. It would be reversion to the original provision of the Constitution, which was a blemish that was removed from it only seventeen years and eight days after its adoption.

It is claimed that this change, if made, will make it possible to elect to the Presidency a candidate who has no regular party support. Is this desirable? We do not think so. At least the burden of proof rests upon those who advocate this means of destroying—or making

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it possible to destroy—party responsibility in a National Administration.

If the Judiciary Committee, which has under consideration an amendment on the same subject, decides to report it favorably, we hope that it will discard all provisions for changing the method of electing the President and confine the amendment to changing the dates of the meeting of Congress and the inauguration of the President from March to January.

Perhaps we are yet in an era of Constitutional change like that which immediately followed the adoption of the Constitution. Then there were twelve amendments made in almost exactly seventeen years. After the Civil War there were three more amendments made in less than four and a half years. Then, after a lapse of forty-three years, began another period of amendments beginning in 1913—four amendments in less than eight years, with apparently more to come. President Harding delights to speak of the Founding Fathers. Perhaps this generation will be known as the Amending Sons.

And Daughters.

If we are to continue to amend the Constitution, let us do it as good craftsmen.

When an important change is to be made in the architecture of the Constitution it ought not to be done by tinkering.

TWO VIEWS OF CLEMENCEAU'S VISIT

Upon the departure of Georges Clemenceau from the United States, the New York "World" published an editorial from which we quote the part referring directly to the visit of the great Frenchman. This "World" editorial gives one view of the effect of the visit of the French ex-Premier to America. In contrast to the opinion of the "World," a competent observer in Chicago has sent us a letter giving the impression which M. Clemenceau made in that city. The writer has long been interested in French culture and life.—THE EDITORS.

I—THE VIEW OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

THE success of M. Clemenceau's tour is greater than he had reason to expect. It has been greater than much in his speeches and articles justified.

It is a success that would have been more immediately apparent if instead of talking with his eye so constantly on the Paris newspapers he had spoken his real mind everywhere as he did in yesterday's interview in The World. Obviously the response to him would have been much more sensational had the American people been allowed to see him as an old French radical who was going home to attack militarist and clerical reaction in his own country, instead of a somewhat tame Tiger talking the official chauvinism.

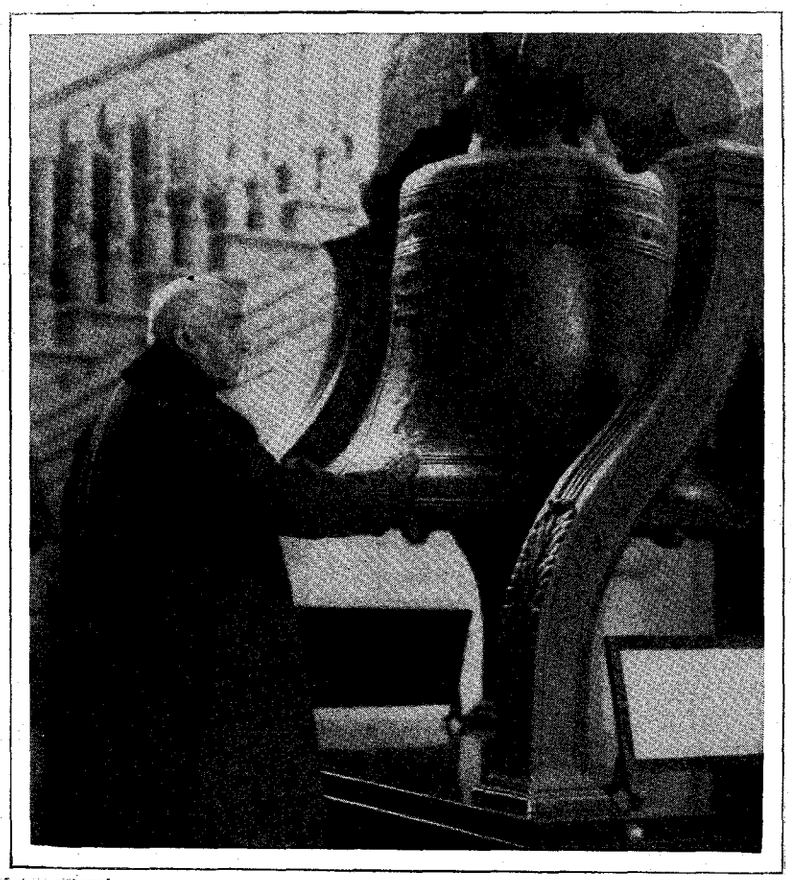
But M. Clemenceau was not here to create sensations. And so until the day he sailed he refused to say anything which would drag domestic French politics into the discussion. His tour was less interesting for that reason than if he had drawn the issue at the start between himself and French reaction. But this witty and dauntless old French man could risk seeming to be dull for three weeks if in that time he could advertise the simple truth that America must work with Europe.

So he put aside a good deal of easy popularity that would have come to him by revealing his present position in French politics. He concentrated on one thing, and even threw some red meat to the wolves at home so that they would not molest the Tiger in America.

To a certain extent M. Clemenceau played in luck. He came after a harvest which had left deep discontent throughout the West. He came after an election which had emphatically repudiated the results, if not the policy, of isolation. He came at a time when people throughout the land were realizing, as they had not realized it for three years, that our industrial system is out of joint because agriculture is depressed and that agriculture is depressed because the world market is disorderly.

He pointed the moral when the lesson had already been taught. He has started a current of discussion which will gradually but inevitably bring American policy in line with American needs and interests, instead of with the partisan prejudices and thoughtless campaign speeches of 1920.

M. Clemenceau has achieved a success because at exactly the right moment he arrested attention and uttered an unanswerable truth which is supported by the irresistible logic of fact.



International

CLEMENCEAU AT THE LIBERTY BELL IN INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA

II—CLEMENCEAU IN CHICAGO

YOU asked me to send you a letter about Clemenceau's effect upon Chicago opinion.

His audience in the Auditorium in-

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cluded the makers of opinion from fashionables to labor union chiefs, so that the Tiger's personality, as well as his words, had a chance to reach all classes.

Personally, he has made upon the public a distinctly favorable impression. His onion soup, his pawky humor, his quaint gestures, his eyebrows, his nightcap, and his willfulness appeal to us and create a "character" with appropriate stage properties. Closer up, one sees a cynical attitude towards poor old mankind which makes one feel naked and curious to know what is going on in his head. The one passion, among the many which he interprets, which strikes one as genuine is love of his France. He is so French that it is a handicap to his comprehension of Western American psychology. In some passages of his speech he has evidently tried to correct this defect with the peculiar brand of clumsiness for which Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House were once famous. While protesting that he and France asked nothing, he made it plain that he wanted America to replace England in a partnership wherein England was not sufficiently anti-German, and then he proved up to the hilt that it would be a bad bargain for us and a good one for France. His pictures of French sufferings, losses, crushing taxation, Asiatic entanglements, and impending bankruptcy, of French suspicion and fear of Germany—even his devotion and patriotism frightened us as we thought what even a *beau geste* might let us in for. The sentimental appeal, which might have taken the mind off the consequences of an approach to France, and the demonstration of identity of aims and interests were entirely wanting.

The introduction by General Dawes was most effective. For half an hour the audience listened breathlessly to Clemenceau, but his clipped English and his obstinate avoidance of the amplifier, without which only a few could hear him at all, soon began to count against him. He would sidle off to the right wing, and attempts by Colonel Bonsal, General Dawes, and the audience, to persuade him to stand where he could be heard were first refused and then acceded to with bad grace. In a few moments he was off again to the extreme right, to be recalled by the audience. The device had been explained to him, but he insisted that his voice could carry without mechanical aid.

To summarize the views of those with whom I have spoken: Chicago gave Clemenceau the great reception to which his place in history entitles him; his personality made a distinct impression; his speech might have done much to create a sympathy and sentiment for France full of possibilities; but Clemenceau failed to seize his opportunity; he frightened his hearers, displayed a touch of French selfishness and French hatred of Germany and a list of French liabilities enough to scare off any thought or suggestion of partnership. We may be fond of the picturesque Tiger, sorry for the sufferings of France, but we are not going to ruin ourselves by touching the European mess until it is demonstrated that we have got to in the interests of America. The touch or two of Wilsonian idealism interjected in the great Frenchman's speech clinched opposition.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF SPAULDING VS. THE A. B. S.

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

SOLDIER, sailor, explorer, scribbler, and romantic ne'er-do-well, my friend Spaulding chanced one day to find himself as hard up for thrills as for cash, so decided, "A colporteur I'll be, and roam the earth, at other people's expense, handing out Bibles."

However, the American Bible Society thought differently, though there have been worse triflers than Spaulding—for example, the young novelist who heard of free rooms, free tuition, aid money, and abundant leisure for writing at the General Theological Seminary, and forthwith demanded admission. Said the dean, "Are you an Episcopalian?" Said the applicant, "No, I'm an atheist." To which the dean replied, "I don't see that that need stand in the way; this institution will soon cure you."

True it is that the young novelist was not admitted to the Seminary; true, also, that his subsequent frivolities have amply justified the rejection. But Spaulding—behold him to-day! He has "ranged himself," as the French say. Father of a family, pillar in the church, author of at least a dozen admirable books, and General Secretary of a great National organization every whit as disinterested, in its way, as the American Bible Society, he feels that vindication is his—and laughs. Whereas the Society, after all these years and the changes they have brought, still glories in having scorned him. Indeed, it appears to feel that he was guilty, at the time, of something remarkably like impudence.

But is not impudence—or, at all events, the consecrated impudence of the devout humorist—a prime requisite for colporteuring? Accidentally walking into a camp of five hundred Tibetan brigands, the delightful Huston Edgar was a bit "nonplused and uneasy," he admits, though his cheek never deserted him. To the outlaws' bewilderment, he not only sold them Bibles, hand over fist, but "insisted on getting the money." In Siam a colporteur coolly "visited fifty-six temples;" only one refused Bibles. In Mexico, during Holy Week, a colporteur came to a lonely ranch where the peons were assembled for mass. No priest had arrived. With a fine sense of impropriety, the Protestant read aloud from the "Protestant" Bible and "sold several books."

A solemn-looking affair is the old-fogy red-brick Bible House on New York's lower East Side, yet sometimes I suspect it of suppressing a grin. Out from that building go New Testaments in Yiddish, to say nothing of Bibles in Russian for Soviet Russia itself. Leon Brauenstein, the Russian Jew known as Trotsky, used often to stroll past the Bible House—with a sneer. To-day it outwits him. It has outwitted others many a time. Mr. A. B. Howell writes as follows:

"My father, a merchant and receiving agent, had removed to Port Isabel, on the Gulf of Mexico. One day, as a ship was unloading a cargo from New York the captain said: 'I have a box on board consigned to nobody, and I was told that wherever I unloaded I was to put it ashore. The freight is all paid, and there are no charges connected with it.'

"The box was brought into my father's store, and I remember, then a lad of ten or twelve, how curiously I desired to see what it contained. When the lid was pried open, we found it full of Bibles and Testaments in Spanish.

"His commercial instinct told my father that he ought not to waste this material, so we put the books on the counter, took the covers off, and used the paper for wrapping up cigars, matches, spools of thread, etc., little realizing that by that very act we became distributing agents of the Bible Society and put pages of Scripture in every home. It was not strange that in after years, when I went back to Port Isabel, I found a Protestant congregation there."

Then, too, recall how Goble first printed the Scripture in Japan fifty years ago, when the thing was dangerous. Says he: "I tried in Yokohama to get the blocks cut for printing, but all seemed afraid to undertake it. I was only able to get it done in Tokyo—by a man who did not know the nature of the book on which he was working!"

In the light of all this, does it not seem a little strange that a Society gifted with such a charming sense of humor should have frowned so inhospitably upon young Spaulding? If he lacked a certain deference toward his elders and betters, he lacked also a deference toward peril. He has been three times shipwrecked. The sensation, he declares, is always the same—a sensation, namely, "of disgust." What a

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colporteur he would have made—in so far as intrepidity counts!

By all I hear, it is indispensable. Not long ago a colporteur in Mexico fell among bandits, who stole his mule, kicked away his Bibles, tumbled him down a cliff, and left him for dead. The first colporteurs in the Philippines were poisoned. In Bulgaria a colporteur was arrested so often that it became almost a habit. In China, just before the Boxer Rising, three colporteurs were hung up by their thumbs and bastinadoed. During the Rising eighteen went into the disturbed district. Four returned.

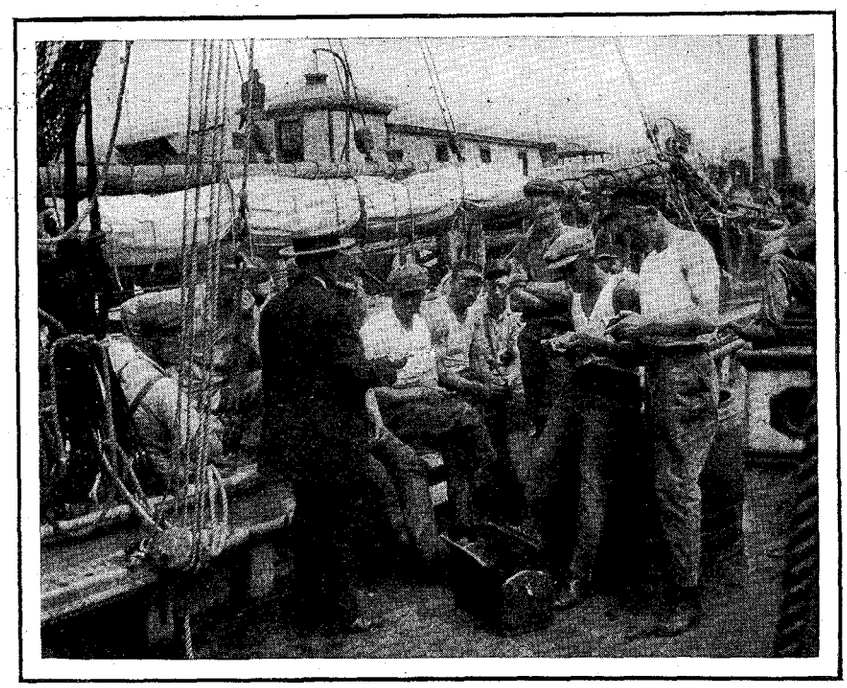
Are we to conclude, then, that the Bible Society's attitude toward Spaulding indicates a degree of—what shall I say?—Narrowness? It is a contention difficult to sustain. Narrowness, if it existed, would betray itself in sectarianism. Whereas, you will find that all the Protestant denominations are represented together in the Society's management, and that all the Protestant denominations unite to support it, and that it ranks as the first—and the one magnificently enduring—interchurch world movement of North America. Since the beginning, in 1816, it has distributed the Bible "without note or comment" or any sectarian coloration whatever.

But there is another type of narrowness—the academic—and the Bible Society stands dangerously high among learned societies, having mastered nearly eight hundred languages and dialects. Do you happen to read Benga? Or Bulu? Or Mortlock? Or Luragoli? Or Chamorro? Or Dikele? If not, then doff your hat to the Bible Society. Time and again it has had to begin by "picking out the words from between the teeth of the heathen." Just now it is preparing a Bible for the Quecha Indians, and other Bibles in Moro, Moro Lanas, and Samarens, and a Bible for China in Chu Yen Tzu Mu, the new phonetic system, in which a Mandarin version of Mark has already been completed.

A great advance this new phonetic system represents. In the old Chinese system a single character may consist of as many as sixty-two strokes, and translation involved heroic patience. Bishop Schereschewsky, a converted Jew, spent forty years in turning the Bible into Chinese. As both hands were partly paralyzed, he wrote the entire text of his Wenli Bible with the middle finger of each hand.

And there are languages within languages. Japan requires four different Bibles—one to suit classical scholars enamored of the Chinese style, another for less cultured Japanese, still another to attract lovers of plain Japanese writing, and finally a version for Japanese newly learning to read.

Very curious technical niceties now and then attend such labors as these. When translating Chinese, where it is a puzzle to find a word for *God*, you must choose between "Shen" and "Shangti"



P. & A. Photos

A COLPORTEUR OF THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY DISTRIBUTING POCKET TESTAMENTS TO SEAFARING MEN IN NEW YORK HARBOR

and meet difficulties either way. After two generations the question remains unsettled. In Arabic-speaking countries, meanwhile, the paramount problem is typographical, as everything depends on the curves and slopes of letters, and books in Arabic printed from type made in Europe disgust the Orient.

What wonder, then, that a Society engaged in these more than schoolmasterly pursuits should run some risk of acquiring the academic temper and losing its grip on broadly human considerations? But, the more you look at it, the more clearly you will perceive that underneath the Society's amazing scholarliness throbs a warm and very tender humanitarianism.

Note its work for the blind. Eighty years now it has been supplying them with Braille Bibles—a seven-foot bookshelf, nineteen volumes to each Bible—at less than cost. Of late nothing has interested the Society more than Helen Keller's reply to Mr. W. L. Stidger's question, "What is your favorite book?" "Zee Bi-bule," she said. Nothing, that is, unless perhaps it was hearing from Kenneth Bullard, who is blind and crippled and whose fingers have lost the sense of touch, yet who reads the Bible with his upper lip.

Or note the work among lepers, among prisoners, among seamen, among circus people, among Indians, among the Southern mountaineers, and among Negroes. During the first year after the War of Secession 500,000 Negroes learned to read. Then began a campaign that has progressed steadily ever since. And again, note how the Society treats the immigrant. Seeing aliens arriving in unheard-of numbers, the vast majority of them untrained to read the Scriptures, it tempted them with diglot Bibles—that is to say, Bibles in each of which the English text appears side by side with the text in some foreign language. Aliens anxious to "learn American" found here the most convenient of short cuts. There are now thirty-three different diglots circulated by the Society. Perhaps no other single influence has been of greater service in popularizing our common tongue—and our common ideals also.

Does this seem to bespeak the academic temper—the sort of thing that narrows men, instead of broadening them, and tends to dry men up? If that notion—or the faintest ghost of it—lurks in your mind, consider these fellows' attitude toward their triumphs. They have issued nearly a hundred and fifty million volumes. Far from glorying in that unparalleled achievement, they observe with sorrow that the need greatly exceeds the supply, not only abroad, but in this so-called Christian land! Colporteurs hear over and over again such stories as, "We lent our Bible, and it never came back," "We had one once, but there was a fire," and, "We lost ours when we moved." A colporteur in the West writes of "counties as large as some of the smaller Eastern States without a store where Bibles are carried in stock." He reports "towns of 40,000 with only a single drug-store handling Bibles, and the cheapest one $7.50." Another writes from Utah, "I have called on many Mormons who do not seem to know what a New Testament is." Still another complains, "Of the 400,000 people in New Orleans, eighty-five per cent are without Bibles."

At the Bible House this cuts. And another thing cuts—namely, the increased cost of manufacturing Bibles. For it will soon abandon their manufacture.

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though not their publication and circulation. But the cost of circulating them has increased. The Society needs funds. Hampered financially, it feels as any group of warm-hearted philanthropists would feel—acutely miserable.

So this is the surprisingly broad-minded and the generously human organization that weighed my friend Spaulding in the balance and found him wanting. It freely recognized his courage, his ability, and his rare personal charm. I even imagine that it thought him capable of recounting his experiences, had he been permitted to have them, in a book as entertaining as "The Bible in Spain," which, by the way, Theodore Roosevelt took with him to Africa. Indeed, I dare say the Society saw in Spaulding the germs of an executive ability which, properly developed, might have fitted him for a place among its administrators. But—too obviously altogether—he lacked a certain quality without which no colporteur can succeed. Talking with Mr. Frank H. Mann, General Secretary, the other day, I mentioned the Spaulding case. He laughed.

For the fact is—and Spaulding himself would recognize it after reading a few thousand letters from the "field"—that colporteurs are not "roaming the earth at other people's expense," for fun, or for a livelihood, or for want of some more attractive thing to do. They are white-hot, flaming zealots, with the mentality, say, of Salvationists or of tent evangelists, regarding the Bible as indubitably "God's Word," the "silent missionary," a "divine Book," which points, now and always, "the only way out of the dark," so that every man of them cries, "Woe is me if I sell not this Bible!" That impulse, and that alone, is what makes the patient, self-sacrificing, courageous, devout "supersalesman" we term a colporteur.

However, the American Bible Society appears to have thriven mightily without Spaulding. It issues the world's perennial "best-seller." In China the circulation of Bibles is limited only by the supply. In Japan "knowledge of the Bible has so permeated the nation that the words of the prophets, the Apostles, and many sayings of Jesus are quoted in the daily papers." In Cairo "a Mohammedan barber bought a Bible for his customers to read while waiting their turn." Here at home the book becomes not less popular, but more so. An organization of commercial travelers has put 400,000 Bibles in hotels. In New Orleans dealers now keep Bibles in the front of their shops. At least a beginning has been made toward bringing back the Bible into the class-room; not long ago the Louisville, Kentucky, Board of Education bought Bibles out of its own funds for the Louisville schools.

Naturally, the Great War, along with smaller ones that accompanied or followed it, profoundly affected the traffic in Bibles. Thousands on thousands of Bibles were given to soldiers, whose favorite passages, it seems, were the Thirty-seventh and Ninety-third Psalms. On the other hand, whole regions were devastated and whole populations deported, losing their Bibles, so that one principal effort of the Society is to supply the lack. Moreover, an intense antipathy toward everything Christian has developed throughout the Moslem world since the armistice.

Nevertheless the net result is gain. Japanese control in Siberia has facilitated the smuggling of Bibles into Russia. In the South Sea Islands, where German missionaries were ousted from Ponape and Truk, Japanese Christians have replaced them. If China is in ferment, the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang buys New Testaments for his troops. Thanks to Venizelos, the Bible in modern Greek now circulates in Greece. With the collapse of Austria-Hungary 850,000 people have joined the Czechoslovak Church; for the first time in a thousand years it is possible to circulate a Slovak Bible, and the American Bible Society has ordered one made.

Because of chaos in Mexico Mexicans have swarmed across the border, where the Society has supplied them with Bibles. Returning home, they take the books with them. And if this, as well as various other indications the world over, seems to show that the Society often elects to work among the humble, pray note that in Porto Rico the colporteurs are taking pains to visit town authorities, literary men, journalists, and merchants. Effort has never been confined to the lower classes anywhere, nor has effect. In Peking several years ago a Chinese official brought to the Society's book-store a slip of paper naïvely inscribed, "One Old Testament, one New Testament." His curiosity aroused by the uncommon look of the writing, Dr. Gatrell asked who had written it, and was told, "The Emperor."

THE STATUS OF THE STRAITS

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY COLONEL A. M. NIKOLAIEFF

FORMER RUSSIAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ TO THE UNITED STATES

THE question of the Straits—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—discussed at the Lausanne Conference, has a long history.

At the beginning it was a question concerning only two countries—Turkey, the owner of the Straits, and Russia, the country for which the Straits are the door leading to the Mediterranean Sea.

In Russian history the question came up in the end of the seventeenth century, although as far back as the tenth century the Russian rulers at Kiev had engaged in campaigns against Czargrad (Constantinople).

In 1699 Peter the Great, having conquered Azov (a fortress near the mouth of the Don at the Sea of Azov), raised the problem of free navigation for the Russians on the Black Sea and in the Straits. To this the Sultan replied that navigation on the Black Sea is Turkey's "inviolable sacred right," or, putting it in modern terms, Turkey's monopoly.

The great naval Powers of that time did not pay any attention to that controversy. The struggle of England against Holland and France for the supremacy on the seas was at full swing and kept the Powers busy with their own affairs.

In 1739 Russia was obliged, as the result of her and Austria's war against Turkey, to give her consent to the exclusive right of Turkish ships to trade on the Black Sea. But thirty-five years later (1774) Catherine II conquered the Crimea, and Russia acquired the right of free navigation for her merchant ships, not only on the Black Sea, but also in the Straits (the Kutchuk-Kainardji Treaty). Later, during Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, access to the Mediterranean was given by Turkey to Russian warships. England did not interfere, because Russia was against France.

The subsequent *rapprochement* between Alexander I and Napoleon alarmed England; she started negotiations and concluded a treaty with Turkey, the object of which was to deprive Russia of her exceptional right. On her side, England bound herself to consider the Straits closed also to her warships.

Thus, despite the fact that England at that time, after the Trafalgar victory, was at the very top of her naval might, she sacrificed the possibility for her fleet to appear in the Black Sea, provided the Russian fleet was not allowed to pass through the Straits and appear in the Mediterranean.

When, a quarter of a century later, Nicholas I, having given the Sultan military help against Egypt, obtained again

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for the Russian warships the right of passing through the Straits, England, in the person of Palmerston, raised a protest, and was backed in her protest by France. Russia had to yield. Since that time the question of the Straits, which heretofore had been a Russian-Turkish question, became an international one.

At the London Conference of 1840 and 1841 the decision was taken to keep the Straits closed for the warships of all nations. However, this international decision was not carried out. In the Crimean War against Russia (1855–6) the British and French fleet sailed into the Black Sea. The Peace Treaty of Paris, having ended the Crimean War, "neutralized" the Black Sea. By this "neutralization" Russia was deprived of the right to have and build ships on the Black Sea; her fleet, arsenals, and docks were destroyed.

In 1870 Prince Gortchakoff, taking advantage of the situation (war between France and Germany), addressed a note to the Powers, announcing that Russia abrogated the treaty of Paris. Thereupon England threatened Russia with war. The United States promised Russia to take her side. Finally the conflict was settled at the London Conference; the neutralization of the Black Sea and the prohibition for Russia to build warships on the Black Sea coast were canceled. Again the principle of keeping the Straits closed for all warships was proclaimed.

A few years later the Russian-Turkish War broke out, after which the San Stefano Treaty was signed (1878). Certain privileges were gained by Russia in that treaty, enabling her to approach the Straits from the land. England became alarmed, and again her warships appeared in the Dardanelles. Subsequently the question of the Straits was submitted to the Berlin Congress, and the principle of keeping the Straits open for commercial navigation only was confirmed at the Congress once more.

In the nineties of the last century the policy of England toward Russia took a turn which came as the result of the growing rivalry of Germany (Germany penetrating into the Near East and constructing the Bagdad Railway), and the English-Russian antagonism changed into English-German antagonism. In the World War England, fighting against Turkey, Germany's ally, was willing to let Russia have Constantinople, and even promised it to the Czar's Government.

From all the historical facts mentioned above it is clear that the free passage of warships was of paramount interest in the whole question of the Straits. It was so, because on the freedom of the Straits for naval operations depended the economic interests of the Powers.

For Russia it was of vital importance to protect her principal artery of trade by keeping the warships of the dominant naval Power outside of the Straits and the Black Sea.

For England, anxious for the safety of her naval communications with India, it was of great importance to keep the Russian warships out of the Mediterranean by bottling them up in the Black sea.

After the World War the Treaty of Sèvres changed the status of the Straits very materially. It was decided that the question of navigation in the Dardanelles, the Marmora Sea, and the Bosphorus should be placed under the control of a special "Commission of the Straits," made up of representatives of England, France, Italy, the United States, Russia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey, and Bulgaria, the first five countries to have two representatives each, and the latter four one representative each. However, the United States, having not signed the European treaties of peace, did not send her representatives, whereas Russia, Bulgaria, and Turkey were not, for political reasons, admitted to it. The Treaty of Sèvres established also a "Zone of the Straits," formed by the European and Asiatic shores of the Dardanelles, Marmora Sea, and the Bosphorus, including Constantinople. The "Zone," which was to serve as a guaranty that the Treaty of Sèvres will be carried out by the Turks, was placed under military and naval control of England, France, and Italy.

Thus Turkey was deprived of her sovereignty over the Straits and Russia was put aside from taking part in the new arrangement. Such a situation led to the signing of the Russian-Turkish treaty of 1921, in which with regard to the Straits it was agreed between the two parties that their status should be drafted by a conference of delegates of the riverain states only—that is, states bordering on the Black Sea—"with a view to guaranteeing the freedom of the Straits and their free passage for commercial purposes to all countries."

FORTHCOMING OUTLOOK ARTICLES

Canada's bold experiment in Government ownership of railways is described in special correspondence from D. M. Le Bourdais.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer gives us a delightful essay on Bohemia. It is called "A Lost Land."

Lewis Edwin Theiss asks, "Why Not Clean up the Milk in the Country?" His article will appeal both to producers and consumers.

Captain L. M. Overstreet, now on the Naval Mission to Brazil, left with us just before his departure a clear and readable discussion of "Naval Strategy as Affected by Aircraft and Battleships." His article will be profusely illustrated.

A new change in the political situation was brought by the Turkish victory over the Greeks. As the result of that victory the whole of Anatolia and Eastern Thrace, which after the World War had been turned over to Greece, got under Turkish control. However, the Zone of Allied occupation remained, although it was somewhat altered by the Mudania armistice. At present it consists of parts of the Constantinople, Ismid, and Gallipoli peninsulas and Chanak and is held only by British troops, France and Italy having withdrawn their troops from Asia Minor before the Turkish victory. In such a way the territory of the Straits and the navigation in the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are under the *de facto* control of England.

That such was the position at the time when the Lausanne Conference was called is a fact which should not be disregarded by the future historian.

At the present time it is of interest to note that two points of view have come into conflict at the Conference, both relating to the freedom of the Straits, but having different definitions of freedom. One view is English, the other is Russian.

The English want the Straits controlled by an international body with full liberty of merchant ships and warships for all nations. It is the first time in the history of the Straits that England has adopted such a position, her aim always having been to keep the Black Sea as a *mare clausum* (Palmerston's protest in 1833, the Crimean War, Disraeli interference in 1878) and never make it an international highway. Seeing England's policy now completely reversed, one cannot help thinking that the change may be due to the fact that at present there are no Russian warships in the Black Sea which could use the Straits and appear in the Mediterranean.

The Russians, representing the Soviet Government, wish the status of the Straits to be the same as before the World War—that is, Straits free for commercial navigation and forbidden to warships of all nations at all times, with Turkish fortifications to enforce that ruling.

This view, only as far as the barring of warships of the outside Powers from the Black Sea and the Straits is concerned, is also the view expressed by the Russian Nationalists. The latter's argument is that, so long as the Black Sea is open to warships, it will be necessary for Russia to have naval forces on that sea and build fortifications on its coast. Such a situation would not contribute to the limitation of armaments, and consequently to the political, economic, and financial restoration of Russia and Europe. The Nationalists are, furthermore, of the opinion that no decision of a permanent nature should be taken with regard to the status of the Straits so long as Russia is under the control of a Government not recognized by the Powers.

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THREE PAINTINGS BY RUSSELL CHENEY

A COMBINATION of strength, sanity, and the modern approach are sufficiently rare in painting nowadays to make the lover of art who has been bewildered by futurism and its successors hail any instance of it with delight. The work of Russell Cheney, which has recently been exhibited at the Babcock Galleries in New York and in the Athenæum in Hartford, is as modern as radio, but it is firmly based on tradition. It is unsensational and comprehensible; it has nothing in common with the unreconstructed jigsaw puzzles of the so-called modernists; it presents scenes and people who correspond to nature and man as the average layman knows them; and it is as relaxing to the nerves and as stimulating to the mind and spirit as only that art can be which is an authentic expression of immediate experience.

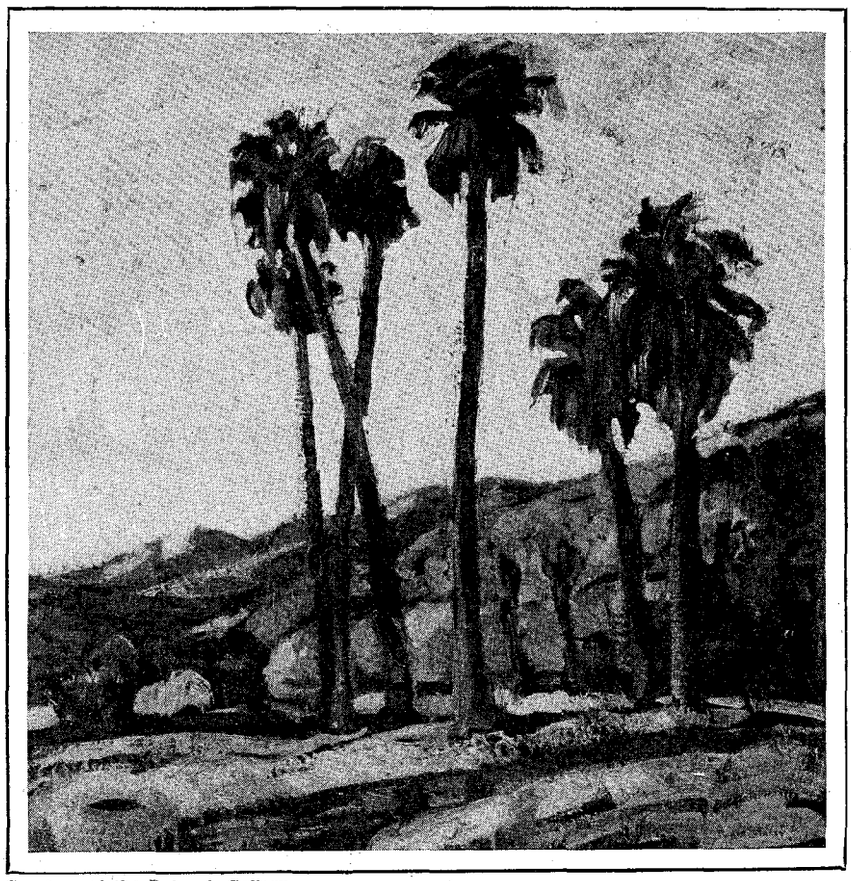
Mr. Cheney's subjects are taken in the main from the hill country of Connecticut and of California, though there are numerous still-lifes which in their delicate and felicitous harmonizing of rich colors have unusual vitality. The range of subject and treatment is extraordinary, from simple depiction of cedars on snowy slopes to stern (and somewhat startling) reactions to tropic gardens and overwhelming summits under a California sun.

"You note in the living luminosity of midsummer bloom and blossom," says Mr. Christian Brinton in a preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, "in the spare appeal of New England farm land, or the soaring crest of coastal mountain range, a vivid sense of the actual. Something of the painter's own habitual freshness of view and buoyancy of mood are found in each decoratively composed still-life, each landscape expression. Sheer joy of eye can indeed scarcely go further."

There is beauty in every canvas, charm in many, and power in more than a few. The artist is progressing, and, though here and there he is obviously experimenting, there is no suggestion of uncertainty behind the skillful hand. His pictures give the impression of a man who, whatever his mood or his method may happen in any particular case to be, knows what he is trying to do and how and why he is trying to do it. There is nothing accidental or improvised about his work. One is aware, on the contrary, of an exultation in the achievement of a proudly conscious artistry. And yet the art remains subservient to the subject. What Mr. Cheney sets out to reveal to us are bits of American landscape seen through the eyes of one who loves them for what they are and knows that they need no editing or prettifying. Now and then he becomes abstract and seems to paint, not the mountain he appears to be regarding, but a blue symbol of a massive idea; but as a rule he is a quiet, clear-eyed, and sure-footed realist, whose realism, however, is a revelation, not of harsh facts, but of hidden, implied beauties. "Haling's" is not a pretty farm and life there is obviously not a thing of beauty nor of joy; but partially because the picture is true, distorted neither by artistic nor sociological sentimentalism, and partly because Mr. Cheney has seen in the bleak corner of Connecticut he is depicting colors and relations of colors missed by the less penetrating eye, he has achieved a beautiful and significant expression of contemporary American life.

It is worth noting that one of Mr. Cheney's largest canvases, entitled "Skunkimaug—Morning," has been purchased for the permanent exhibition of the Morgan Memorial Museum in Hartford.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.



Courtesy of the Babcock Gallery

"REFUGEES"

A group of palms in Southern California which are referred to in a recent article of the "National Geographic Magazine" as probably the only indigenous ones in America

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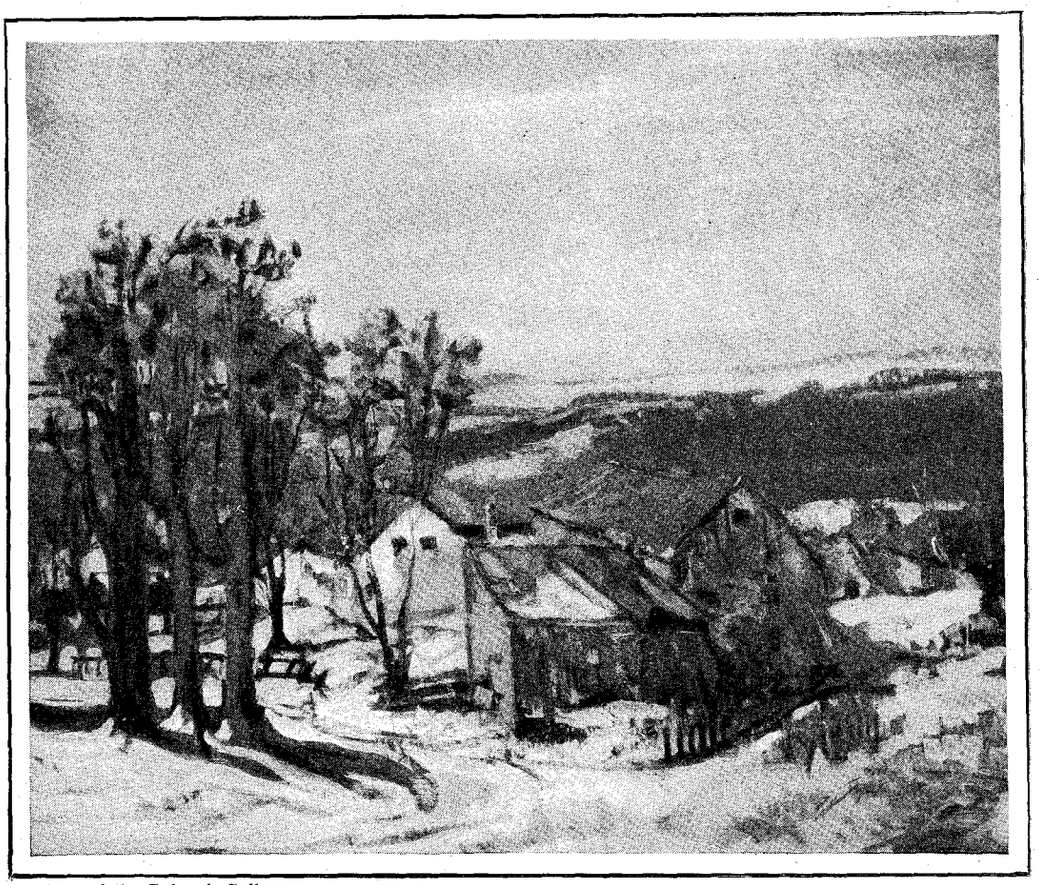

Courtesy of the Babcock Gallery

"HALING'S"

Courtesy of the Babcock Gallery

"SKUNGIMAUG—MORNING"

Just acquired for the permanent collection of the Morgan Memorial Museum in Hartford

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THE SUPPER CLUB

BY EDWIN M. BROOKS

OF all the pinnacles in the world, that which least pricks and imperils is the presidency of a community club whose only aim is social pleasure. It is the Mount Everest of sinecures. A *sine qua non* of such a club is a good supper. Without that sure anchorage, success and edification are an empty dream. If the organization has a constitution and by-laws, no one must be permitted to take them seriously. They must be simply a playhouse in which to work off the surplus energies of that small fraction of every organization which wishes periodically to amend the constitution, to indulge the instinct to tinker, to take apart and put together again. It must be understood that in such a club all the respectable element of the community meet on the common ground of liking to be well provisioned and immediately thereafter to be pleasantly entertained. In the average community most of us cannot afford to court the graces of elegant living. We cannot give or participate in a state dinner at the White House and then adjourn to the Blue Room to be enraptured by grand opera song-birds or fiddlers of note. But the neighborhood club idea solves the problem. There is force in numbers. And, even if such a club does not possess an imperial treasury, it musters a mass of enthusiasm, appreciation, and desire that is likely successfully to board and capture all the argosies of genius and talent that lie hove to in the offing.

It has been the lot of Dulcinea and me to find mooring in a suburban village whose inhabitants are moderately prosperous, very intelligent and discriminating, superlative in the quality of good neighborliness and in the capacity and desire for good entertainment. We have had for some years a community club. While its members are not so exclusively hedonists that they scorn philanthropy and abjure altruism, they hold this club sacred to the lighter propensities and pursuits. No serious propaganda is permitted on its platform. No speaker with a lugubrious message is encouraged to hope for a return engagement. We do not seek to reform the world. While we are not Epicureans in philosophy or practice, we are willing on one evening in the month to indulge an Epicurean mood of the better sort, and pursue happiness frankly and exclusively.

While not fanatically extolling the pleasures of the table, we believe that the corner-stone of our successful history is the bountiful table with which we have comforted the inner man. We believe that good rationing is a necessary preliminary to good entertainment, that the most gifted speaker will have hard shift with his audience if it is in a rebellious ferment of discontent and criticism by reason of a mean feast. We believe in practical psychology. We know that an audience which assembles merely for a lecture or a musical entertainment, without the ingratiating prelude of a good supper, will be made up too largely of those heroic souls for whom life is a somber, doleful, dutiful thing, devoid of the spirit of fun and frolic. The men or women who will leave comfortable homes at eight o'clock in the evening and go forth to a lecture or entertainment are not good material for the lecturer or artist—they are too select, "too bright and good," too far from representing the good, wholesome, mildly pugnacious, wanting-to-be-amused average rank and file. We believe that if you wish to assemble an audience that will come to friendly grips with a speaker or heartily enjoy the marvels of musical genius and cheer it on to still nobler performance, your club must provide suppers, and must have an established reputation of providing good suppers.

This policy will provide you with just the sort of audiences that you will wish to be a part of—representative, alert, responsive, red-blooded, beaming with prosperity and ambition, gifted with a hearty relish for the good things of the table and an equal eagerness for the good things of the mind. A dining-room with a multitude of inhabitants and in active operation is one of the most edifying spectacles which civilization offers. Especially is this true on your club evening, when you meet with two hundred of your contemporaries—elderly ladies of gentle history and conversation, fitly garbed in dark dresses, with fichus of Mechlin or Alençon lace; robust wives of your local Crœsuses, with proper self-confidence and with just a hint of costliness of attire; maidens of fresh countenance and eager spirit; bachelor women of spirited conversation and piquant wit; a few of the clergy; a banker or two; shrewd executives, faithful accountants, and the many who, in interesting variety of occupation and taste, make up the rank and file who give your village its reputation for sobriety and thrift. What a grand scene of elegance and animation when the members of the club surrender themselves to the mollifying pleasure of eating together, with bright lights, acres of snowy linen, the willing and swift service of volunteer waiters—radiant and vivacious maidens bringing you the salad, rubicund males bearing aloft steaming pitchers of coffee!

The morale resulting from such a supper is invaluable and irresistible. The atmosphere is surcharged with interest, geniality, and kindness. All things become possible. The musician excels all her past performance. The orator reaches new levels of eloquence and friendly understanding with his audience. If he utters a sentiment that is lofty and brilliant, the instant appreciation of the audience magnifies its effect a hundredfold and stimulates him to further scintillation and increased felicity, electrifies his reserves of vanity, and incites him to flashes of wit and a continuity of humorous observation which would be utterly impossible to him in cold blood. So contagious and potent is the good feeling generated by such a gathering, so flattering to one's *amour propre*, that, in the fifteen minutes of open discussion which we always have after the address, even the impromptu speakers borrow the gift of tongues, the pedant becomes a wit, the lawyer is sensible and brief, the doctor forgets to talk in terms of health and abandons his Latin derivatives, the business man becomes fluent and elegant and ceases to be a prosing materialist.

Because the temper of the assembly is determined by the supper, and an unfed or ill-fed company will manifest a chill that few speakers can wholly dissipate, the personnel of the Supper Committee is of major consequence. Let them be persons of great dependableness, energy, resourcefulness, constructive imagination. Let them be in general thrifty, not extravagant. Let them realize that a commonplace supper, if good and wholesome, can be made memorable by a single exceptionally satisfying course. I recall with pleasure a buffet luncheon served at a certain anniversary gathering in June, in the course of which each guest was blessed to behold and partake of an iced half-cantaloup in which nestled a sphere of café mousse. Such a triumph of chef invention, such a pleonasm (as Coleridge would say) of palatal temptation and incitement, crowns the feast and perpetuates the gathering in blissful memory.

To tarry a moment longer with the mundane, one of our supper committees found that it could insure itself a plethora of compliments by the simple device of including in an otherwise good menu fruit fritters immersed in a liberal sauce of delicate, translucent hue. A little worldly-mindedness will suggest that the first gathering of the club year should be a harvest supper, honestly good and abundant—an augury of a liberal policy for the season; and that the last course of the final supper should outrival everything in the memory of living epicures—so that the administration may go out in a blaze of glory and hand over to its successor a glorious tradition and a satisfied constitu-

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ency. Also, whatever item of any menu may be the *pièce de résistance*, let there be no shortage in it, no narrowness of calculation. There let the waiters serve with generous hand, without visible stint, let the club's hospitality be expansive, baronial, without let or limit, as though some Mæcenas were "paying the freight."

But though the supper is the indispensable foundation of the club's success, it is only the beginning. It must be for the most part a subordinate, not too insistently noticed, element in the club's inventory of achievement. As befits a club in a community priding itself on its intellectual standards and attainments, the club must be conspicuous for the quality of the artistic and literary diversions which it offers, the truly æsthetic and cultural emotions which it excites. The entertainments given by the club—musical and dramatic recitals, addresses, travelogues, authors' readings—must be of an order to give high satisfaction and stimulus to the membership and distinction and luster to the life and tradition of the village. But how can this be accomplished without a war chest by a club whose membership dues are barely sufficient to buy the supplies for provisioning its tables? But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

THE presidents of the club—our prime ministers of pleasure—have, with one exception, been men of fortunate endowment. They have included college professors, bankers, a clergyman, a man who graduated from a New Hampshire farm and a New Hampshire college, and a man of many-faceted genius who combines in one personality a play-actor, a preacher, a humorist, and a past-master of the art of salesmanship. Under their leadership, although we have never paid any coin of the realm to our lecturers or our musical or dramatic entertainers, many delightful evenings have been brought to pass. Our by-laws provide that no person can be president for more than one year. Perhaps this is on the theory that any man of good attainment is likely to have enough relatives and acquaintances who have gained distinction in fields of useful and interesting endeavor to occupy the five or six winter evenings that make up a cycle of our club life, but that one man's resources of this kind are likely to be exhausted at the end of one year, so that another should take his place. Our town has repute and glory from the presence of a college for young ladies. Members of its faculty occasionally appear on our platform. We have also been indebted to our college neighbors for many pleasant musical programmes. Thus we have heard violinists, pianists, a harpist, readers, and singers to whom youth has given freshness of voice and animation of style as well as comeliness of person. Perhaps we have taken advantage of youth and innocence in asking these budding artists to appear before our assembly without other compensation than a supper, a virtuous consciousness, and liberal applause, before they have yet commercialized their art; but they have obviously found pleasure in the experience and enjoyed the plaudits of the multitude. It was my fortune to be chosen president of the club for one year. I esteem an election to that position to be the highest of honors. To be chosen by one's contemporaries master of their pleasures is a superlative compliment. Some one has said, "Tell me how you spend your leisure hours and I will tell you what you are." Dr. Johnson expressed it, "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures." So to be elected to preside over such a club's adventures in pleasure is to receive a real meed of praise. He who has not been president of such a club has a serious vacancy in his experience; there is in his mental acres an area of potential appreciation the cultivation of which would have yielded him and his admiring household much pleasure at the time and much agreeable reminiscence.

The first anxious duty of the chief executive is to secure a speaker for the next meeting. I am sincerely and heartily opposed to fishing for sport, but I take leaves from the book of the fisherman. In general experience, I have the fisherman's love of testing strange and mysterious pools, visiting unfrequented spots, varying the bait, finding cloudy days good, trusting a bit to luck. This spirit has guided me in my search for speakers, and now that my fishing season is over, my rod and net packed away, and the catch measured, weighed, and recorded, I shall not offend modesty more than does your genuine slouch-hat fisherman in telling "what luck" I have had. I shall speak in the first person, like any fisherman, for you never heard a fisherman's tale told otherwise. The *quorum pars magna fui* element is specially emphasized in stories of conquest of speckled beauties, finny monsters.

Some principles apply equally to catching and landing trout and catching and landing speakers. I venture this claim, however: that the art of hooking and netting a speaker is more complex than the art of the real, unfigurative fisherman. Patience is essential to both arts—not to abandon the sport on initial discouragement. Don't let your shadow be thrown across the pool. Don't let your speaker to be forewarned and have time to think of reasons why he cannot accept. Fish up the stream. Don't let your intended catch suspect the number of fine fat fish that have already declined your bait. Have your hook well concealed by worm or moth. Appeal to your speaker's vanity. Play upon his clan sense. If he is a Brahmin, remind him that his audience will include a few of his own intellectual kin. Intimate, not too clumsily, that this is an opportunity for a man of eminence to do a real, though not specially conspicuous, public service. Do your own fishing; don't send the hired man. Don't trust the securing of a coveted speaker to messenger or deputy. Play him yourself. As you will be the one to guide him through the preliminaries of the club meeting and set his stage and give him and his audience their respective cues in your introductory remarks, deal with him yourself *in limine*. Let him feel the warmth of your palm, let him learn from you at first hand that the prosperity and happiness of this club are your meat and drink, your first and only concern in life. Let him feel that everything possible will be done for his comfort, that the details of programme will be accommodated to his slightest desire. Create in him the belief that he is approaching a resplendent event, of which he will be the central figure.

I once without introduction visited, with the predatory purpose of such a fisherman, the mansion of a man of eminence in his metropolis. The door was opened by a Scotswoman of strong character and the defensive attribute of a liege. She did not fan my hope of an audience with her master. "He doesn't usually see any one unless by appointment." I opined that he would be willing to chat with me for a few minutes. "Won't you tell him that the President of the Supper Club of Briardale would like to see him briefly?" The official designation impressed her, and proved adequate to entice the great man from his desk. He at once descended to his reception-room and greeted me as politely and pleasantly as he would a captain of industry. Circumstances beyond his control stifled his amiable impulse to address the Supper Club, but my cast over his pool was rewarded with ten minutes of very agreeable conversation with one of the great and fascinating characters of the city. He gave me a bit of worldly wisdom from the lecture world—said if I wished to interest a certain lecturer in my request it would be well to offer him something, the amount was not important, perhaps ten dollars. The principle, if not the quantum, of compensation was important. So in fly-casting, if the color be rightly chosen, great size of the simulacrum is not essential.

At another time, still acting on Disraeli's principle of "*L'audace, toujours l'audace*," I bearded another Douglas, inspired not so much by faith or hope as by courage, accompanied with a somewhat adventurous desire to meet this man of far-flung fame under honorable auspices. An inexperienced fisherman sometimes, by hook or crook, makes a fine catch. So, without any introduction to this scholarly and distinguished gentleman, with no claim upon him either in person or by proxy, my simplicity (my success proves it was not audacity) was rewarded by his prompt assent to my request. Not choosing to make a parade of candor, I concealed my surprise and elation, giving full expression to them later, however, in my punctilious solicitude to make his appearance before the club and the travel inciden-

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tal thereto most comfortable and agreeable to him. Our executive committee commandeered the most elegantly cushioned limousine owned by any member of the club and our most notoriously slow and careful driver to transport our distinguished guest. The responsibility of safely conveying our guest—whose continued well-being was of considerable importance to society—weighed upon us, and, while we did not take out accident insurance for the benefit of society, we felt relieved of a real responsibility when we had safely returned him to his home. I suspect that what drew him to instant acceptance of our invitation was the rich connotation in the name Briardale. He was himself a man of university associations, and the name and repute of Briardale, its institution of learning, its highly respectable inhabitants, moved him to think that a Supper Club in such a place must be a sort of French Academy, an assembly where prosperity, chivalry, elegance, and learning were in fortunate partnership. I hope that his first impression remains unchanged. The gathering received his wise and humorous address with an enthusiasm and a gratitude which still persist, and I hope that he pleasantly remembers the club and entertains for it a reciprocal friendliness.

The president of such a club knows no more ecstatic hour than that during which the speaker whom he has persuaded to address the club and who is now addressing it for the first time inspires it with entire complacency and admiration. In such a case there is the preliminary period when speaker and audience are taking each other's measure—the speaker deliberate, seemingly cold, passive, the audience respectful, interested, expectant, but non-committal. Then the speaker gives the audience a few sly digs in the ribs to test its mettle, ventures a mild pleasantry to test its responsiveness. Some of the audience begin to suspect that this man is going to be a merry entertainer if he finds his audience is of the right sort, and then, as they detect a gleam of wit, there is an experimental ripple of hesitant amusement. This breaks the ice of suspended judgment. The speaker sees that he is in the presence of kindred spirits, eager and sympathetic. Soon he and his audience are in the fullness of mutual understanding, launched on a career of enjoyment of each other and of the subject-matter of the address—the gifted speaker knowing that his audience are hanging on his words and losing nothing of what he says or of the way he says it; the audience knowing they are listening to a man worth going miles to hear, a man of red blood, sane faculties, and a prodigious capacity for finding zestful interest and delight in human beings and the human drama, and for sharing that interest and delight with his hearers, speaker and audience now being sworn friends and allies, for the hour—and long afterwards.

More of the experiences of this prime minister of pleasure will be recounted in a later issue

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN

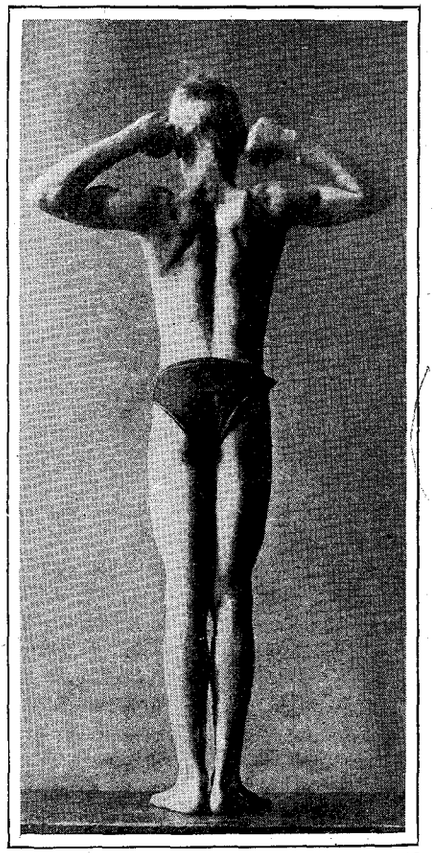
BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

AFTER a description of the "height-weight" method of physical standardization was published in the March 15 issue of The Outlook there came a deluge of nearly seven hundred letters. Most of these were from superintendents of schools, medical inspectors, physical directors, and school nurses, many of whom wanted to know how such a system could be applied in any general way in public schools. It seems that there are two problems to be solved. One concerns the large numbers involved, and the other the prejudice of many parents, especially in cities of large foreign populations, against any kind of physical examination.

This fall the writer has had the pleasure of demonstrating the practical side of the method for the heads of a number of public school systems, their medical inspectors and physical directors. And along with a very frank approval there arose these same two questions: How can we manage with such numbers, and what can be done with the many who have prejudice against physical examinations and measurements?

Fortunately, these are problems that the private academies and privately managed gymnasia do not have to bother about. So it is that the height-weight system is spreading in the private schools and in Y. M. C. A.'s like the Central Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia.

At first glance, however, it does seem as though the public schools have actually those two problems to solve if they are really going to do anything effective by way of physical training.



A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF AN INTER-GRAMMAR SCHOOL BEST PHYSIQUE COMPETITION

This was taken several years ago. The lad became a famous intercollegiate swimmer, and was so perfect physically that he was used as a model by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie for his statue of the discus-thrower, which won such favorable comment last year in an exhibition in London

And, in fact, a great number of medical inspectors and physical directors have come to feel that there should be much more emphasis on health and on physical development, two important factors that have been almost obliterated by a great excess of attention to mere weight. After all, no mere weight comparison can possibly provide a safe judgment as to the condition of a child's health. Too many of us are normally, healthily, and hereditarily slender to make mere slenderness a reason for saying a child is "under-weight" and most likely, therefore, has malnutrition! A child actually is under-weight when that child's weight is below what it should be for that particular child—a matter to be found by medical examination only, and never by mere weighing.

Let us examine these two serious problems in detail, and see if there may not be some simple solution. The first concerns the large number of children involved, and the great burden that would be thrown on the medical inspectors and physical directors if every child were to be given even a brief examination and a brief measurement. Several heads of departments of medical inspection claim that their staffs are so undermanned that even a brief examination of each individual would be almost impossible—especially when some physical measurements are also desired. And all this is true. Many such departments are sadly undermanned. But, on the other hand, some cities and towns are equipped with thoroughly efficient and complete staffs, which, if so desired,

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could in a reasonable amount of time examine and measure every child in their schools. And when staffs are undermanned it is not difficult to bring popular support to a reasonable demand for an increase. The values of medical inspection can be given such effective publicity that it would be a short-sighted community indeed that would refuse to make provision so that each child can come, even for a brief period, before a competent medical inspector.

After all, signs of ill health, malnutrition, and so on are usually quite obvious to trained observers, and even a brief observation is a far safer foundation for a judgment than can be merely the taking of a child's weight. Frankly, this is one vital matter for which we are fighting—a medical examination for every school child, and proper steps to correct improper conditions.

So this problem, after all, is not so difficult to solve. Many cities and towns already have staffs large enough to do such a work, and if some are so provided there is no real reason why such provision cannot be gained elsewhere—with the aid of a little intelligent campaigning and publicity. And that brings us to the really hard problem.

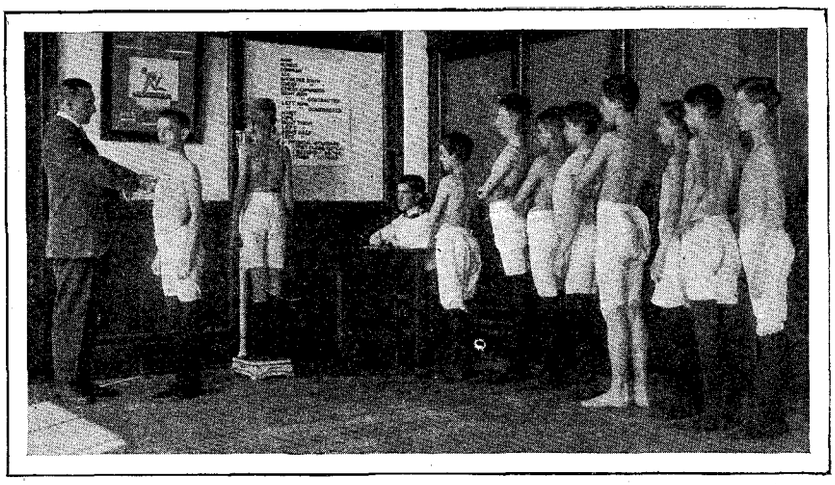
When children are healthy, we should see to it that they are given a proper amount of muscular development. In the March 15 issue I described a simple method for obtaining a fair judgment of a boy's or a girl's development compared with an attainable and satisfactory standard for *the same type of build*, and for distinguishing actual improvement from mere growth gains. All this implies taking physical measurements—a performance that is a part of the regular routine of most private academies and colleges.

Taking measurements of public school children, however, is not so simple a matter as one would think. First of all, to many it is a new idea, and therefore to be received with suspicion; and with the more suspicion because it concerns a physical examination—something to which all parents are not educated. Now it is true that in all public schools there is a large proportion of intelligent patronage that would fully approve such measures, or any other measures that would make for the physical benefit of their children. In some localities this would include an overwhelming proportion of the parents involved. The opposition would come largely from the foreign quarters of large cities or from sections where parents are not acquainted with the possibilities or methods of physical training. And yet this objection, and even violent prejudice, can be done away with and effective support gained if one or two simple expedients are used. There is nothing mysterious about them. They are merely *privilege* and *competition*.

The first step is to interest the boys in physical measurements. This is only too easy. Boys are primitive creatures much interested in their muscles. It has been well said that if you measure a boy's biceps he is your friend for life! But how are you to open the subject so that you will not only make an enthusiast of the boy but send him home with an enthusiasm fit to combat parental opposition and prejudice? Well, the interest is aroused easily by showing a class of boys a well-developed boy of the same age, and taking his measurements on the spot. If this cannot be done, large photographs of obviously well developed boys arouse a very certain interest. Then announce two competitions, for suitably attractive awards—one for the boy improving the most (and this gives the best chance to the poor developments) and one for the boy attaining the highest score (which gives the strong boys a chance). The mere fact that there is to be a competition in a matter of natural interest to boys achieves a large part of the victory at once. The boys will be keen to be measured. They will swing many parents too—with the aid of that prospective prize; but you can get still more boys and parents if it is put on a basis of "privilege." That is, it might be announced that boys will not be admitted to the competition just because they want to, and that only those boys will be measured whose parents request it. By making entrance a little difficult, a little "exclusive," boys and parents, being human beings, will be apt to put in requests with great promptness, and this they will do more readily when they are given a mimeographed request blank to be signed.

Now suppose some do not sign—and some will not, though the writer's experience is that this group will not be large. Very well, leave them out. Plan not on getting such a system going in one school term. Be glad if you can accomplish it in a year.

The measuring can now begin. When you have the boys' scores, they can be posted on some conspicuous bulletin-board, the high scores being given special prominence, and with the low ones notes as to which underdeveloped muscles brought the score down.



SCORING THE BOY EMPLOYEES IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE BY THE "HEIGHT-WEIGHT" SYSTEM

Two things will happen. Those who were not measured will wish the more strongly that they were. And those with poor scores, with great indignation, will demand exercises to aid in bringing their scores up. And if a boy exercises faithfully on an assigned exercise—say for breathing, for arms, for shoulders, or the like—he may be measured again in five or six weeks, and if he has gained the correction can be noted on the bulletin. And all this is very worth while, even if at first the boys will no more than strip to the waist. It is a start, and even the backward and dubious ones will be demanding head-to-foot measurements before many months have gone by.

And then the final spike is driven at the end of the school year, when the prizes are awarded for the highest scores and for the greatest percentage of improvement. You have no idea of the tremendous excitement and interest boys will take in such matters—and very properly, too. For it is an important matter, after all, whether one is well developed or not. And the interest in all these things is redoubled when you institute competitions between schools. The writer remembers a wildly enthusiastic one of this character between four grammar schools, the best five from each school being selected, and all twenty appearing before the judge in a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The judge, an expert of international reputation, first picked the best boy of each school, explaining why when each boy was turned aside, until he had four boys before him, each the best of his school—four fine specimens too. And out of this fine four he picked the best. In this judging, the physical score—the relation of the boy's measurements to satisfactory ones for his height and weight—counted two-thirds, and the remaining one-third was divided between symmetry and freedom from defect. The thirteen-year-older who won was as perfect as a young Greek god, and a first-class all-around boy, too.

This competition brought the interest in such proceedings in the four schools to such a pitch that the following year every boy was measured, and again came

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a similar competition, won by a beautifully developed boy of fourteen. After that there was no question of objection or prejudice. They all demanded measurements. And it might be said that the newspaper publicity given these proceedings, with the published photograph of the winner, did not do any harm at all.

It is not difficult to see how such a procedure would create an effective interest as far as boys are concerned. In fact, the results of such work have been proved most effective, not only for physical betterment, but in character development and in the class-room work itself.

"But how about the girls?" you may well ask. Well, does one really have to answer? What will a school full of modern girls do if they find the boys having some tremendous interest out of which they have been distinctly left? The first thing you know they will demand similar competitions, and, though the performance will be of slower spread, it will spread nevertheless, and be as effective with girls, almost, as with boys.

After all, you see it isn't so hard a problem, and surely if we are going to have medical inspections at all and physical training that really is physical training, it may just as well be so arranged that every individual child receives the full benefit.

LADY BATHURST, THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMAN NEWSPAPER OWNER

BY HELEN HOFFMAN

THE late Lord Northcliffe in his book on "English Newspapers and their Millionaire Owners," which he published shortly before his death, referred to Lady Bathurst, director of the "Morning Post," of London, as "the most powerful woman in England, without exception other than royalty."

This high tribute to the fearless owner of the "Morning Post" is shared by a big newspaper-reading public of England. I have often heard English people commenting on this conservative member of the English press. "I would rather go without my breakfast than be deprived of the 'Morning Post.'"

Every one admires courage, and this quality, so pronounced in the brilliant director of the "Morning Post," has made her a dominant figure, not only in journalistic circles, but in the political life of England as well.

The "Morning Post" has often taken issue with Lloyd George and other political leaders of the country, and when any Parliamentary action has been taken which it believed was not for the best interests of the country it has editorially said so in no soft terms.

This titled and brilliant newspaper owner, like Lady Rhondda, represents in her success undoubted proof of the ability of daughters of genius to safeguard and direct the great interests handed down to them by illustrious parents.

Lady Rhondda, the world's greatest business woman, a director in more than thirty corporations and companies, inherited these vast interests from her father, the late D. A. Thomas, the Welsh coal operator.

Lady Bathurst took over the control of the "Morning Post" at the death of her father, the late Lord Glenesk.

Lord Northcliffe, in further commenting upon her genius, said: "You may not always agree with her methods and policy, you may not always agree with the enormous headlines, but you will admit that, right or wrong, the 'Morning Post' is bright, consistent, and always English." "Knowing," he said, "the internal organization of the 'Morning Post'—for every newspaper knows the internal organization of every other newspaper, just as every army knows the organization of every other army—I know that this paper is produced by the genius of a woman, assisted by just two really capable men. If she were living in America, her name would ring from one end of the Continent to another, and be hurled at Great Britain as a sign of American national superiority."

COUNTESS BATHURST

Always having admired Lord Northcliffe for the honesty of his convictions and the almost superhuman courage with which he backed them, I felt a great desire to meet this titled and brilliant owner of the "Morning Post."

I wrote to Lady Bathurst, conveying my desire and outlining the questions I was tempted to ask her regarding her ideas of what a great daily newspaper should represent.

A few days later I received her reply by letter, as she had been called away from London at the time.

In brief, she wrote: "My ideas about journalism are so simple and crude that they would be of no interest in this complicated world. They are merely to stand by the right and expose what is wrong. I think papers have much power, but there is much I should like to see corrected. I should like all sensational divorce and other criminal cases cut out and the mere facts that so and so are divorced printed, and the result mentioned as a matter for regret and shame by the guilty party, and no unwholesome details." (A committee of distinguished men are now conferring together in London for the purpose of obtaining this end—that sensational divorce cases shall not be exploited in the newspapers.)

"I should like," Lady Bathurst further wrote, "to see more literature, more wit, more information of a really interesting character, such as scientific matters, garden, farm, painting, music, etc.—less sensationalism. In fact, the ideal would be that a paper should contribute to people's happiness and sanity and not to excite all their worst feelings.

"As for politics, the paper must of necessity reflect the bias of its owner's and editor's minds, but if it is perfectly truthful and sincere it matters not whether it is Conservative, Liberal, or Labor, Republican or Democrat. We all like an opponent we can respect.

"It is the man or the paper that suppresses the truth to serve his own ends and who lies glibly that we cannot tolerate. These are my simple views, and, simple as they are, I believe in them; and, what is more, I know that if you go straight ahead and fear not, on what you believe to be the straight road, it's wonderful what you can achieve."

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THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

ABOUT GOOD VIOLIN PLAYING[1]

BY W. J. HENDERSON

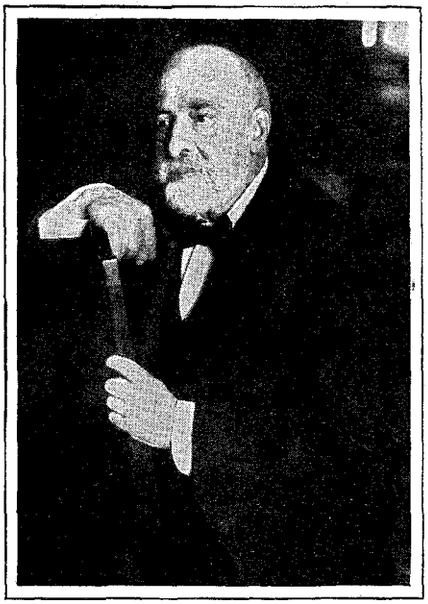
A WELL-PREPARED imagination is one of the true luxuries of the music lover's existence. The preparation consists largely in the easy adoption of certain indeterminate formulæ, phrased in the lubricated language of the unscientific observer. "The piano is incapable of such expression as the violin attains. The violin is the most expressive of all instruments." Now to one seeking to enjoy violin playing for its own sake it is of no importance to know whether it is more expressive than some other instrument to which one does not happen to be listening at that moment. And long observation of concert-goers has convinced me that a large proportion of them discover the most soul-melting expression in the melancholy wailing caused by the use of the sliding finger on the left hand, a method of heart-breaking singularly neglected by Kreisler and Heifetz.

The sliding of the fingers in passing from one note to another produces a mournful sound much like the crying of a baby, but it destroys the outline of a melody and usually leads to playing out of tune. Therefore let us begin at the beginning. A violin, as almost every one knows, has four strings, tuned to G, D, A, and E, the first tone being below the treble clef and the last in the uppermost space of it. Those four tones are the only ones which can be produced from a violin by simply drawing the bow across the strings. When a player desires to call forth some other note, he must press down some one of those strings with a finger of his left hand, thereby shortening the vibrating part of the string, causing the number of vibrations per second to increase, and thus raising the pitch.

When a violinist holds the instrument with his left hand near the head (the outer extremity where the nuts for tuning are located) and presses down the first finger of the left hand on the E string, he gets an F. The second finger gives G, and the third A, and the fourth B. This group of notes belongs to the "first position," as it is called. If he wishes to go higher than the B, he must shift the first finger to the place previously occupied by the second. The first finger now gives G, the second A, the third B, and the fourth C. This fingering is called the second position.

There are other higher positions on each of the four strings. The violin and other bowed instruments such as the violoncello, therefore, differ radically from the piano in that the justness of the intonation of a melody is dependent

[1] An article in this series appeared in last week's Outlook. Other articles in the same series will be printed in later issues.—The Editors.



Bain

LEOPOLD AUER

"Teacher of Heifetz, Elman, Zimbalist, and other eminent players"

on the accuracy of the player's application of the left-hand fingers to the strings. One cannot play out of tune on a piano if he strikes the right keys, unless the instrument is out of tune; but on the bowed-string instruments it is possible to play out of tune with almost infinite variety.

The first requirement of good violin

(C) Bain

FRITZ KREISLER

"Long observation of concert-goers has convinced me that a large proportion of them discover the most soul-melting expression in the melancholy wailing caused by the use of the sliding finger on the left hand, a method of heart-breaking singularly neglected by Kreisler"

or cello playing is that the instrument shall be in tune. This includes two elements. First, as the violin is usually accompanied by a piano or orchestra, it should play at precisely the same pitch as the accompaniment. Secondly, it should be in tune with itself, which is to say that, even if it were unaccompanied, as in the case of certain works of Bach, every interval must be exact. Playing in a pitch foreign to the piano or orchestra is infrequent. When it occurs, it is probably because the violin itself has not had its four strings properly tuned before the playing began. But playing inaccurate, and therefore discordant, intervals is very common and leads to that kind of sound which caused the famous Mr. Weber (of Weber and Fields) to demand, "Who sang that sour note?"

Unfortunately, bad intonation, as it is called, seems to escape the ear of the general public. Violinists and cellists play out of tune, singers sing out of tune, and whole orchestras are out of tune in their different choirs without disturbing the pleasure of audiences. I have heard celebrated opera artists sing a whole act without more than two or three times being on the same pitch as the orchestra and yet receive as much applause as if they had delivered their music without a flaw. Almost every human being brought up in the conditions surrounding Western life[1] is fond of music, but not one in a thousand has a musical ear. So perhaps, after all, it signifies nothing that a few who hear accurately are annoyed by what the majority of mankind does not hear. Erika Morini's occasional false intonation and Mischa Elman's tendency to lachrymose utterance are rewarded with abundant applause.

Since this is a statement of what constitutes good stringed instrument playing, it was the duty of the writer to declare that playing in tune was its fundamental requirement. We may now pass to more subtle matters. The expressive power of the violin and its kind rests in the management of the bow. The use of the bow corresponds to the touch of the pianist. There is telegraphic directness in the communications of the musician's brain to the strings of his instrument. A pianist has to overcome the mechanical intervention of the hammer action, but every shade of the violinist's pressure on the bow is reproduced immediately by the strings. If he stroked them with a gloved hand, he could not be in more direct command of their sensitiveness.

Because of this subtle transference of

[1] Long experience with sensitive readers leads us to explain that Mr. Henderson is referring not to the Western States of the Union but to the whole western world, the Occident, including Europe, Boston, and upper Fifth Avenue.—The Editors.

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ERIKA MORINI

ERNA RUBINSTEIN

"A large tone is advantageous in playing with an orchestra, but it is not essential to beautiful performance. Erika Morini has a big tone, but Erna Rubinstein's is more admired, for it is essential that the tone be pure, mellow, and sonorous"

the violinist's thought to the strings every player's tone has its own character. This tone is a reflection of the personality of the player. It is quite true that instruments have their own tones. But a good performer can extract from an inferior violin the best tone of which it is capable, while an incompetent one will draw from a Stradivarius only an indifferent quality. Heifetz owes much of his success to the ravishing beauty of his tone. Would you know something of the secret of the infinite variety of shades at the command of the violinist? Watch the wrist of the bow arm. To be sure the entire arm should be absolutely without constriction. It should not be what the athletes call muscle-bound. But the soul of the bowing is in the perfectly flexible wrist. Even the manner of holding the bow with the fingers of the right hand possesses comparative insignificance, since different master performers have different ways.

Tone may be large or small. A large tone is advantageous in playing with an orchestra, but it is not essential to beautiful performance. Erika Morini has a big tone, but Erna Rubinstein's is more admired, for it is essential that the tone be pure, mellow, and sonorous. Purity means freedom from scratchiness or twanging, from audible scraping of the hairs of the bow on the strings. It should flow apparently spontaneously, like clear water from a spring. It should always be mellow, which means that it should not be squeaky, or dull and opaque, or hard, as if the strings were of metal. Steel strings are sometimes used, but they should not sound steel-like. The term "sonority" does not mean loudness, but resonant vibration. There is a peculiarly bell-like quality in a sonorous violin tone, and one should expect it from every good performer.

A beautiful tone, perfect intonation, and free elastic bowing are the prime requisites of good violin playing. Two or three special effects will doubtless attract the attention of what is called "the average" hearer, and he may wish to know something about them. Harmonics are those high, flutelike tones which seem to lie beyond the natural range of the instrument. It was long ago found that by lightly, instead of firmly, touching a string with a finger of the left hand a performer could cause an overtone to be heard while the fundamental tone was silent. Every musical sound consists of a fundamental and several overtones. The untrained listener can hear some of these overtones when a big bell rings. The harmonics of the violin and other bowed instruments are overtones, and they can be produced from all four of the strings, each giving a different quality and thus adding to the number of tonal tints at the command of a composer.

Reverting to the bow, the listener may acquire some idea of the elasticity and freedom of the bow arm from noting how the violinist plays staccati—those short detached notes which seem so astonishing when they are sung. A clear, light, firm staccato can be obtained only by good bowing. The position of the bow on the strings affects the tone. Playing close to the bridge gives a thin, nasal tone, often used in orchestral pieces for special effects. Playing a little further away increases the power. But as the bow approaches the finger-board the tone decreases in strength and increases in mellowness. Playing right over the finger-board causes the tone to become veiled and very soft. A different variety of soft veiled tone is secured by the use of the mute, a little wooden contrivance in appearance like a small comb, pushed down over the strings at the bridge.

All concert-goers who are observant must have seen violin and cello players causing the fingers of the left hand to quiver when pressed on the strings. This produces what is called the vibrato, a swift trembling of the tone, which is believed to be expressive of feeling. It might be so were it not that most performers use it all the time, so that it becomes a mere mannerism. Leopold Auer, teacher of Heifetz, Elman, Zimbalist, and other eminent players, is very severe in his censure of this continual employment of what ought to be introduced occasionally and for a manifest purpose. "The vibrato," he says, "is an effect, an embellishment; it can lend a touch of divine pathos to the climax of a phrase or the course of a passage, but only if the player has cultivated a delicate sense of proportion in the use of it."

Excellence in violin or cello playing, like that in all other musical performance, is dependent upon something beyond technic. There must be purity of taste and propriety of style; but such matters do not readily lend themselves to definition. However, the most inexperienced music lover will have no difficulty in perceiving that shallow and showy compositions, such as the concertos of Paganini or Ernst, admit of more *ad captandum* playing than the dignified and deeply felt creations of Bach or the elegant and finished writings of the Italian classicists. At the bottom of all truly great musical performance there is a certain indescribable, but none the less evident, nobility which always succeeds in making itself

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MISCHA ELMAN

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JASCHA HEIFETZ

"Excitement is what the unthinking concert-goer desires. . . . Many music lovers prefer Elman to Heifetz because, as they put it, he is 'more emotional.' Well, you have to make your choice. The finest violin playing is certainly emotional, but never sentimental, lachrymose, rude, or unfinished"

known to those who do not wish to find sensationalism in solo art. For those who do it is safe to say that the best violin playing is always unbearably dull.

Excitement is what the unthinking concert-goer desires. He would rather observe the stormy flights of rash Toscha Seidel up and down the fingerboard or the bold attacks of Boris Hambourg on his cello than to be wafted into a celestial dream by the seraphic chanting of some new Sarasate or the organ tones of a Casals. Technically, almost all violin playing is now good. It is in the departments of taste and style that we have to seek for supremity. Many music lovers prefer Elman to Heifetz because, as they put it, he is "more emotional." Well, you have to make your choice. The finest violin playing is certainly emotional, but never sentimental, lachrymose, rude, or unfinished.

While we are considering the playing of bowed instruments, we may give our thought for a moment to the performance of the best of their combinations, the string quartette. All that has been said about tone and intonation applies with equal force to quartette performance. In the department of intonation the requirements are very exacting, for an absolute agreement among four stringed instruments is rare, and yet it is essential to true beauty in quartette achievements. Finish of style in the performance of such an organization is another necessity. To attain it the four performers must play together without the slightest inexactitude of attack or movement, and every phrase must be delivered with flawless smoothness, purity of tone, and justness of accent.

The subject of interpretation cannot be discussed. All that can be made obedient to clearly definable law is the technic of performance. The rules which apply to it are general; those which might be laid down in regard to interpretation would surely have to be equally general, but much fewer. It is difficult to go further in determining the requirements of interpretation than to say that the style should be appropriate. Now style is itself a dubious term, for it is open to more than one construction. We are quite ready to assert that the style appropriate to the performance of one of Bach's unaccompanied violin sonatas is not that which should be applied to the Mendelssohn Concerto and that a chamber music organization could hardly be expected to treat a Beethoven quartette as it would that by Debussy.

But these are obvious generalities. An actor does not read the lines of Augustus Thomas as he would those of Shakespeare. But when we have accepted this rather hazy conception of style, we are still confronted with the fact that every composition worthy of study has its own individuality, and that this individuality demands of the interpreter a special style. Beethoven's "Emperor" piano concerto cannot be played in the same style as his G major concerto. The true artist will of course endeavor to assimilate the art work and reproduce it as nearly as he can in its own spirit. But he can never be any one except himself. When he tries to be, he smothers himself in the wet blankets of tradition. In regard to violin playing there are some very uncomfortable traditions which cramp and fetter the genius of young artists. These are the traditions about the true school of Tartini, the true school of Bach, and other true schools, of which we know very little and in some cases nothing at all. Here, again, it is a pleasure to quote the great teacher Leopold Auer:

> Tradition in reality weighs down the living spirit of the present with the dead formalism of the past. For all these hard and fast ideas regarding the interpretation of the older classic works, their tempi, their nuances, their expression, have become formalisms, because the men whose individuality gave them a living meaning have disappeared. The violinists of to-day are rightly just as individual, each in his own way, as were those of the past. Let them play honestly as they feel they must; let them give us beauty as they—and we—understand it. Let them express themselves, and not fetter their playing with rules that have lost their meaning. Let them not hamper that most precious quality the artist has—his style—with the dusty precepts handed down from times gone by. How is a violinist to conceive the meaning of an older work which he may be studying if his own musical instinct, his freedom of conception, are obfuscated by the dictum, "This must be played in such and such a manner because So-and-So played it that way two hundred years ago"?

Therefore in the end we are forced in matters of style to rely largely on innate and sedulously cultivated good taste. The finer the fiber of the artist, the finer will be his style. And for every composition he must have a certain special manner, which the good taste of the hearer will promptly accept as the right one.

In this series by Mr. Henderson two articles to be published later are "Tests of Orchestral Playing" and "What Is Good Singing?"—The Editors.

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THE CURSE OF A "BUMPER" CROP

BY WILBUR O. HEDRICK

"God has blessed us with bountiful crops."—(*Extract from any President's Annual Thanksgiving Proclamation.*)

THE history-minded reader will easily recall that it was exactly this event of bounteous crops which gave birth to our festal time known as Thanksgiving Day. The proclamation of Governor Carver to our Plymouth colony forefathers had all the fitness of an emergency occasion to call it forth too, since a repetition of the sparse yields of the year before would have marked the end of another "forlorn hope." The Governor's proclamation was, in fact, made to a body of householders supported by a style of farming in which each one gleaned from the soil at first hand the means by which he lived. As technically phrased in the words of modern economics, it was a proclamation to participants in a self-subsisting style of farming, which then prevailed the world over. This was before the great change had taken place which put agriculture upon a commercial basis.

The time-worn words quoted above provoke feelings quite other than those of gratitude, however, to no small part of our National family when made use of in this first quarter of the twentieth century. It is, indeed, to the modern farmer an exact case of using old skins for new wine. By him farming is no longer looked to as a direct source of living to his household, but is regarded as the means of making money profits the same as is the case with any other industrial pursuit. Farming is now to only a slight extent a self-subsisting industry. It purveys to the market for its rewards and is affected by all the hazards of an ill-mated demand and supply of products.

The main crops of this year—as were those of last year, and the year before—promise to be of the bumper sort. The official crop report from the Department of Agriculture shows for this year maximum yields for corn, cotton, hay, and oats. Wheat is higher in yield than the average for five-year crop periods, as are also the potato, the apple, and the tobacco crops. From this teeming embarrassment of riches there is but singularly little of joy among farmers. A Congressional commission of inquiry into the causes of agricultural depression has just issued a report of seven volumes upon the subject. An emergency conference upon the farmer's needs was called by President Harding at the beginning of the present year, and Secretary Wallace declares that the present state of farming in this country is the worst in all history.

The farmers' disgust with bumper crops comes from the fact that they over-supply the demand; therefore they always sell for less money than do normal crops or, even at times, scant ones. A random selection of the big crops of staple sorts during the past decade shows this plainly—the sixteen-million-bale cotton crop in 1914 sold for $56,000,000; and the three billion-bushel corn crop in 1920, for $2,208,000,000. On the other hand, the average returns per annum for the preceding five years for each of these crops equaled, for cotton, $79,200,000; and for corn, $3,150,000,000, respectively. In his annual report for 1921 Secretary Wallace confirms the truthfulness of this outcome by the statement, "A large crop brings the farmer fewer total dollars than a small one."

The human demand for the products of our farms is fairly fixed and inelastic. Dr. Pearl, the statistician of the Hoover Food Control, in a recent book entitled "The Nation's Food" shows that during a seven-year period (1911–18) this demand amounted annually to 129,931,314 millions of calories. No other nation in the world consumes so much. There is little room, therefore, for expansion in the American appetitie. Indeed, subtle food distributers or middlemen have devised many other uses for food than that of mere nourishment. It is widely used, for example, as a method of hospitality; it gives social distinction, and it has curative qualities. Pushing middlemen have made food more attractive for all these purposes by processing the raw material into novelties of all sorts, by packaging it, and by the almost unlimited use of advertising. Schools of domestic science everywhere have also done their best in making food more attractive to the consumer, and therefore creating a bigger outlet for the farmer's crops than he had previously enjoyed.

Farm fecundity, however, under favorable conditions, can easily overflow all these channels of outgo and resolve itself into a simple case of an over-supply of food. Dr. Pearl shows that during the years shown above the yield of these farms was per annum in excess of 144,636,152 million calories, a clear surplus of more than 4 per cent beyond the amount demanded. The money effects of this fatal variance between demand and supply may be seen from the claim made by our Secretary of Agriculture that the crop of 1921, though huge, returned to the farmers $7,000,000,000 less than during the previous year, and for 1922 $4,000,000,000 less than for the preceding year. It may be said further that the crop of this year promises no variation from this rule.

It is plainly to be seen from the foregoing that city people and farmers do not see the matter of crops and food as eye to eye. To the farmer the bumper crops which have been so much the theme of joyous newspaper headlines and editorials during the present autumn bring little else than grief. A new agitation for crop restriction, or for farmers' strikes, of which we heard so much two years ago, will probably be the reaction. Indeed, the displacement of the old self-subsistence style of farming by the commercial type has been so recently and so swiftly done that phrases and ideas upon the subject have not changed with equal speed. The rapid shift of the bulk of our people, too, from the country to the city which has taken place has also obscured clear thinking upon the relations between town and country. Some popular slogans, for instance, with regard to this greatest of pursuits are clearly city-made and are coming to have more and more an exclusive city acceptance.

One of these deifies the merits of "bumper crops." A second choruses the worth of a "back to the country" movement. Here, indeed, is a fine panacea for demobilizing the city. People will remove to the country, so the theory runs, and thenceforth feed themselves, and thus leave a larger food supply for those who remain in the city. The intelligent farmer's reaction to this proposal is the same, however, as is that of the steamship company when it hears that its rival is to put a new fleet of ships on the route. Why should the farmer always be the victim of back to the country movements, colonizing of soldiers schemes, and new homestead legislation on our dry or swamp lands? The flour-mill industry has never been debilitated by gifts of free mills from the Government, as the farming pursuit was by the gifts of free homesteads a few decades ago.

The stressing of intensive farming, which seems to be the press fashion of the day in treating of farming, has little of support among farmers. The thesis here, in brief, is that the intensive is the better style of farming, because it gives bigger yields per acre than are now the rule among us. Our farming, in fact, is so notorious for the low yields per acre which are got from the fields, as compared with those of other countries, that it has been called a system of "soil skimming" or "soil butchering." Our farmer is dull to these criticisms, however, since he knows that large yields per acre are costly in labor and fertilizer expense. Land, on the other hand, is abundant with us, so he prefers to get his crops from the use of much land rather than from the costly

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labor. This is extensive farming, and it gives a lowering of the farmer's costs the same as the manufacturer gets a lowering of costs through the use of machinery, wherever possible, instead of men.

The evil of bumper crops must at bottom, however, be laid in large measure to the farmer himself. The farming pursuit must be described as one which is in a highly unstable state, or, as sometimes more strongly put, in a state of genuine anarchy so far as production is concerned. The six million farmers of our Nation, loosely grouped into some dozen or more classes, according to their chief product, have only a faint sense of class unity. The independence, or, more properly speaking, isolation of farmers one from the other, has been a main element of pride to members of this pursuit from remote times. The control of the industry has been left to the bare operation of the laws of economics. In this subject it has been taught that an excess of output in one branch of agriculture will cause farmers to give up this branch and raise something else, or, in case of general over-production, turn to some new trade. The functional effects of price, as these sorts of results are called in economics, find their best examples in farming.

But there are many farmers who desire to continue as farmers for a lifetime and do not want to pursue any other calling. So, too, the shift from one farm enterprise to another is no longer easy, since each crop requires its own outfit of machinery and of training, and these are no longer of slight expense. The case, indeed, is on all fours in farming with the case of the soft-coal industry. Here we have been taught during the past summer that the cause of our present bad state is the fact of too many competing coal mines. Anarchy in production is the rule in both industries. This leads to rivalries and mistakes in production, with the resulting attempts to charge high prices as a means of writing off the losses which come from wasteful production.

Doubtless, too, it may be said that the marketing or distribution of the farmer's products to the consumer leaves much to be desired. The ideal set by the California Citrus Fruit Exchange for many years, of "one orange to each member of every family in the land each day," is far from being an attained goal in the case of other farm products. The middlemen distributers are to blame for this, and their failure adds greatly to the naturally weighty evils of the bumper crop. The food middleman system, like its parent, commercialized agriculture, are both of recent origin, and the former has had in late years a degree of harsh criticism from the public which exceeds that vented on all the other trades put together. The food middleman, as his name suggests, plies between the farmer and the city consumer and, without doubt, performs a real service, but in a back-handed way. He of course handles nothing for which he is not paid, and this shows at once the vital distinction that there is between food need on the part of consumers and food demand—demand always implying ability to pay.

On the other hand, he takes from the farmer only what he can sell at a profit, and this leaves much of a bumper crop as waste in its producer's hands. The paradox is therefore often seen of many people without sufficient food while much of this same food is wasting in farmers' fields not far away.

The middleman system, in short, has no programme by which its services are directed. Haphazard efforts are the rule, even in this vital task of feeding a nation, and as a result great wastes abound. The directness of interest and clearness of ends, on the other hand, with which mail is picked up at the farmers' doors and carried to its destination are widely different from the devious and halting practices which govern the distribution of food. During the war the middleman system of this country broke down and was unable to perform its functions. The Hoover system, though hastily got together and ill equipped, did much to show what could be done by a more deliberate and planned effort to take food from where it is grown to where it is to be consumed.

The remedy for the particular evil in farming which results in bumper crops takes on many forms. President Harding would have better means of spreading market and trade news to farmers so that they may know beforehand what the prospects are for a good demand. His own words upon the matter are as follows:

> One of the most serious obstacles to the balancing of agricultural production lies in the lack of essential information. With instrumentalities for the collection and dissemination of useful information, a group of co-operative marketing associations would be able to advise their members as to the probable demand for staples, and to propose measures for proper limitations of acreage in particular crops.

A second remedy urges the increase of the exports of farm products to foreign countries. This policy was the key to the outcry among farmers two years ago for the revival of the War Finance Board. There was clamor even for direct loans from our Government to foreign countries so that they might make purchases of foodstuffs from our producers. The speedy upbuilding of the buying power of these countries shows little of promise, however, while, on the other hand, farming is in the most advanced state of any European pursuit. Farming, through the ease with which it may be restored, is said, widely, to have come back to an almost complete degree among our late foreign friends and foes. With nations able to feed themselves in this way and with little means to buy, no trade may be hopefully set up, therefore, which will take off our farm surplus.

Farmers themselves have tried to remedy the situation by various sorts of forcible means. There have been dairymen's strikes and threats of cutting down crop areas. The Night Riders were successful to some extent in keeping down the tobacco acreage in Kentucky a few years ago, and the burning of a bale of cotton scheme in the South in 1914–15 lowered the supply of this commodity. The failure of these efforts has pointed out the remedy which is probably most practical for farmers in seeking to control "bumper crops," namely, organization.

Farmers have been, indeed, organized for marketing purposes into co-operative associations for some time past, and these business concerns have been very successful. As is well known, these farmers' associations, whether of the grain elevator, live stock, produce shipping, or creamery types, are merely joint efforts on the part of farmers for the purpose of giving a common business service to each of their members. The last Census shows that ten per cent of our farmers are members of these bodies and that the gross amount of sales made through these agencies was in the year 1919 in excess of $700,000,000. Co-operation in these groups is usually made upon a commodity basis, and not rarely the local units are federated into State organizations, of which the California Citrus Fruit Exchange is the best-known type. Whether large or small, however, these agencies content themselves with taking the place of the local middleman. They take over the services of the David Harums among our middlemen class, but otherwise they make use of the marketing machinery of the land exactly as did their forebears.

Another type of farm organization, and one which has held the very center of the stage for the past few years, is the Farm Bureau. This grew out of the agricultural extension movement put on by the Federal Government nearly a decade ago. It was plain that the county farm agent, provided by this plan, would not be able to carry his message to each separate farm family within his charge and that organization of some sort must be set up. The Farm Bureau was the result, and possibly there is no better description of its nature than to say that it answers the purpose for each rural county that the well-known Chamber of Commerce does for the town and city. Although these too have been federated into State and even National societies and number their members by hundreds of thousands, the edge of the movement has been dulled somewhat by the extreme multiplicity of reforms which were undertaken.

The type of organization which goes much further than either of these is the

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type, however, which has most of promise for the prevention of bumper crops. This is the type to which dairymen have committed themselves in the milk areas of most of our large cities. It is the type with which the raisin growers of California, the Burley tobacco growers of Kentucky, and the prune and apricot growers of California have identified themselves. It is the type made fully legal by the Capper-Volstead Act of the present Congress, subject only to such oversight as the Secretary of Agriculture may give. Farmers' organizations of this type go much further than the mere marketing of their products or the setting up of a bureau for promoting purposes; they undertake the control of production itself.

Perhaps the now legal-proof dairymen's leagues illustrate the aims and methods of this new type as fully as can be done by single concrete examples. Dairy milk has become in recent years a necessity to cities to a scarcely less degree than a water supply. It is a commodity which does not stand long shipment, and hence must be produced in the vicinity of the place of use. This, together with the restraints of the sanitary tests laid down by the city, makes the matter of monopolizing a supply of milk fairly easy for the interested dairymen. Competition as a regulator of the dairymen pursuit breaks down, as it always does where co-operation is possible. The chaos and anarchy of the milk trade about our large cities which have filled much newspaper space during the past few years are surely a reproach upon competitive control. The leaguing of the dairymen into joint effort has been the remedy by which a stabilized milk trade has been brought about in recent years. Dairymen near our large cities, numbering in each case many thousands, sell their product as a single man as the result of this organization. They insist upon "the closed shop" plan so far as the city distributer's right to buy of non-league dairymen is concerned. Their league pledges give the control of the size of herds which each may own to the organization, so that the danger of an over-supply of milk is cut out. By a closely bound union of this sort the dairying industry has become stabilized and made to yield a profit. Further, when proper public supervision is given, the consumer is not overcharged for his milk, while always having the assurance of a full supply of this needed food.

The farmers of to-day, in some branches of their pursuit, are in the throes of the economic changes which overtook the laboring classes and the more capitalized industries three or four decades ago. They have felt the joys of product "pooling," of "collective bargaining," and of intensive co-operation, which these interests were denied by the anti-pooling, anti-agreement, and anti-trust laws of this period. During the war some potent object-lessons were given by the Government as to the gains which are possible through production according to a programme. The joint system of railways, the single food and coal control, and the unified labor and factory power of this time spoke loudly for the efficiency which comes from using the "get-together" plan in industry. A production programme, in short, more than anything else, is the need of our farmers at the present time. They would be stupid indeed, with the facilities given by our modern means of transport and communication, not to take advantage of organization in order to cope with the evils of bumper crops.

DEATH AND THE FLYING MAN

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

A FLYING MAN went trailing Death;
But his intrepid soul,
When at last they met and clinched,
Was left both gay and whole.

"There are other wings," said Death:
"Spread them in the light;
Drop the wood and drop the flesh;
Try a longer flight!"

"Good!" said the flying man,
"I'll go on with you."
But the shreds he left behind
Were all men had to view.

Something they laid in hollow earth,
With a box and shroud;
They could not hear the laugh that dropped
From a high, bright cloud.

THE MEANING OF PASTEUR

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THERE were brave men before Agamemnon; but they did nothing that secured lasting record. There were voyagers who visited America before Columbus; but they did not open the continent to general and permanent settlement. There were steamboat makers before Fulton, and telegraph inventors before Morse; but they did not bring those devices into practical use.

There were in like manner bacteriologists before Pasteur; but none of them achieved results of epochal importance, or even realized the significance of what they did accomplish. We must honor them, of course, for what they did. Leeuwenhoek as early as 1673, using only a single lens, discovered micro-organisms—a veritable landmark of science. Inspired by this, Plenciz, a century later, conceived the theory that diseases were caused by such organisms, or at least were associated with them, and that there was a separate and specific bacterium for each disease. He was thus very close to a great truth, but he was unable to demonstrate his theory or to act upon it. The development of the compound microscope, scarcely a hundred years ago, greatly promoted bacterial research. Bassi in 1832 discovered that a disease of silkworms was accompanied by what he regarded as a minute vegetable growth; but he was unable to determine whether that growth was the cause or a result of the disease. A few years later Ehrenberg enumerated no fewer than sixteen different kinds of micro-organisms; Schoenlein found a minute parasite in the skin disease known as favus, and Malmsten found a similar growth in barber's itch. Cohn, whose researches extended through many years (from 1853 to 1875), divided bacteria into two classes: the spherical *cocci* and the rod-shaped *bacilli*. All of these and others preceded Pasteur. Most of them were botanists, who regarded the micro-organisms as mere vegetation. Not one of them had any vision of the relation of their discoveries to human life and health, or of the development of a great system of therapeutics and prophylaxis. That was reserved for Louis Pasteur.

He began work chiefly as a chemist and as a student and practitioner of what we may call the mechanics of chemistry. His first important researches and discoveries were in crystallography and po-

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larization; apparently as far as possible from biology. Yet from observing the effect of polarized light upon crystals of tartaric acid his transcendent vision swept through the whole gamut of science and beheld as its goal the elimination of all communicable diseases from the world!

His study of tartaric-acid crystals—in processes of wine manufacture—led him directly to the study of fermentation, which at that time was one of the most obscure of processes, understood by nobody. Perhaps the theory nearest to the truth was that of Cagnaird-Latour, who held that beer yeast was a vegetable product. In this he was supported by Schwann and Kuetzing. But Berzelius contradicted him, insisting that fermentation was due to what he described as catalytic force; and Liebig also condemned his notions, insisting that the process in question was purely mechanical and had nothing to do with life, either animal or vegetable. In such division of what was then the foremost scientific opinion of the world, it was not to be wondered at that Claude Bernard in despair dismissed the whole subject as hopelessly obscure.

Pasteur, however, regarded obscurity as something to be enlightened and an obstacle as something to be overcome. His rule of action was to "prove all things" by practical and precise experiment. So he presently was able to demonstrate that fermentation in all its forms was not a mechanical but a biological process, and was a phenomenon not of vegetable but of animal life. This led straight to a battle royal over abiogenesis. Long before Harvey had propounded the great truth, *Omne vivum ex ovo*—or *ex vivo;* or, All life comes from living germs. But he never proved it. He could not prove it. And for all the years after him until Pasteur's time belief in spontaneous generation widely prevailed. Dead matter through processes of fermentation or putrefaction or otherwise was supposed to be transformed into living matter. Obviously, there was—there could be—no more important problem than this in the whole domain of biological science; indeed, in cosmogony itself. Many great scientists devoted themselves to it: Spallanzani, Schulze, Schwann, Schroeder, Dusch, and others. But Pasteur and Pouchet were the supreme protagonists, the one on the one side, the other on the other, in the greatest duel in the history of science. The result was the complete demonstration and confirmation of Harvey's law of the origin of life—that, and the conception of Pasteur's transcendent vision of the elimination from the world of all zymotic plagues.

I shall not undertake to review even in brief synopsis his gigantic work on the etiology of communicable diseases, of the prevention of infection, and on prevention or cure by means of inoculation. To the first and third of these achievements he devoted himself, leaving the second to his illustrious contemporary and part disciple, Lister, whom he had inspired and taught by his researches into fermentation. Had it not been for Pasteur, there would have been none of the achievements of Lister. In like manner, from Pasteur's researches and demonstrations proceeded, not only his own achievements against pebrine, anthrax, rabies, and what not; but also those of Neisser, Hansen, Koch, Roux, Yersin, Metchnikoff, Behring, Kitasato, Haffkine, Finlay, Ross, Wright, Semple, and their compeers in combating glanders, tetanus, diphtheria, typhoid, cholera, yellow fever, malaria, bubonic plague, leprosy, pneumonia, and other ills that flesh is heir to. There was an old-time epigram—

Si Lyra non lyrasset,
Lutherus non saltasset.

There may be some question as to the influence which Nicholas de Lyra exercised upon the Reformation. There can be none as to that which Louis Pasteur exerted upon the whole vast and still expanding science of bacteriopathology and bacteriotherapy.

That was and is the meaning, the significance, of Pasteur to the world, in terms of material science and of human health and life. Yet as the centenary of his birth (December 27, 1822) approaches there comes to mind a still loftier significance, further reaching and more enduring, since it has to do, not alone with the material, but also with the intellectual and the spiritual domain of man. And that higher significance is threefold.

First, vision. Conspicuously and supremely above his forerunners and his contemporaries, Pasteur was a man of vision. One of the eminent scholars of our own day has said that if a man has not vision he can never be a great scientist. Assuredly, he can never be supremely great. Thousands of persons before Galileo saw the lamp swinging in the church at Pisa, but only he had the vision to perceive in it an ocular demonstration of a great natural law. Thousands before Newton had seen apples fall from trees to the ground, but it was reserved for his transcendent vision to see in that familiar phenomenon the principle which controlled the innumerable spheres of the immeasurable universe. So, while many others perceived the phenomena of fermentation and putrefaction and the myriad teeming micro-organisms therein, it required the vision of Pasteur to see in them the factors at once of disease and of health, of death and of life, and the assured highroad to conquest over the deadliest of pestilences.

Second, unity. I have recalled the fact that he began work as a chemist, as far removed as possible from biology. Indeed, he was for that reason at first reluctant to undertake the bacterial commission which Dumas urged upon him. But from the chemistry of crystals and of light he made his consistent way through organic chemistry and so into biology, demonstrating the essential connection between the two and disclosing the reciprocal influences of chemistry upon biology and of biology upon chemistry. No man ever contributed more to recognition of the coherent unity of science. Or perhaps it would be better to say the harmony of science; for mechanical, chemical, and biological processes are not identical, though they are all directly interrelated.

Third, faith. There never was a more timely or more suggestive coincidence in human history than that of Pasteur's contemporaneity with Darwin and Huxley and Haeckel and their colleagues in the purely materialistic exploitation of the philosophy of evolution. Darwin himself probably never relinquished spiritual faith; but a host of others, strong in the strength of his great name, went to extremes that he never would have sanctioned in proclaiming an irremediable antagonism between science and religious faith—extremes culminating in the monstrous proposition that, even though there was no possibility of proving that spontaneous generation ever had occurred or could occur, yet "it must be so, for otherwise we should be compelled to believe in God"! Amid such counsels and such propaganda it was indescribably impressive that Pasteur, the peer of the foremost scientists of his age, and the superior of all others in that department of scientific research and demonstration which was most pertinent and essential to the determination of the controversy between science and faith, stood resolutely and inflexibly on the side of spiritual and Christian faith. Perhaps I should say that he stood for faith, but not against science. For here again his marvelous vision was triumphant. He saw that between true faith and true science there was not, there could not be, conflict or controversy. For here again his principle of unity, or of harmony, prevailed. Just as all departments of science—mechanical, chemical, biological—so far as they were true must be in perfect accord, so science, so far as it was true, and faith, so far as it was true, must also be in exact harmony. Others before him had believed this. Guyot as a geologist and Gray as a botanist had declared it. But it was reserved for Pasteur as a biologist, and therefore concerned with the very highest phases of science, not only to believe it and to declare it, but, so far as was humanly possible, to demonstrate it; at any rate, to demonstrate it to a degree quite irrefutable by his opponents.

Such was the threefold significance of the immortal sage who was born into the world a century ago—the harmony of science in all its parts, the harmony between material science and spiritual faith, and the application of the profoundest principles of science to the healing of the nations, so that men might have life and have it more abundantly. That is what Louis Pasteur meant and means and will ever mean to the world.

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GETTING A BONUS FROM THE LAND

THE STORY OF DISABLED VETERANS WHO ARE REHABILITATING THEMSELVES

BY EARL CHRISTMAS

THE FODDER IS IN THE SHOCK AT VETERANSVILLE, AND IT GREW ON LAND CLEARED THIS LAST YEAR. HOW'S THAT FOR QUICK RESULTS?

"WHERE do we go from here?" The familiar question of war time popped up in a discussion among some disabled soldiers at the Minnesota School of Agriculture last winter. They were being trained in agricultural pursuits there at the expense of the Government, just as thousands of other young men throughout the country who were disabled in the war are being prepared for new places of usefulness in society.

But one day, not far away, they would finish their allotted period of training and be graduated. What could they do then? That was the burning question.

True, they would have had three years of training in a good agricultural school, but these former doughboys wanted some more practical results. Unless they got something else, they reasoned, they would be only educated farm-hands when their training was over. Now the prospect of being farm-hands, even educated farm-hands, did not appeal to these former soldiers.

Then some one sprang the big idea. They would become landowners and take the rest of their training farming their own land. It sounded fine. Most of the men in the group had come from the farms at the call of war, and the suggestion that each go back to the land as the owner of a farm of his own had a genuine appeal.

Buy a farm, yes; but how? Purchasing farms in these days of $200 and $300 an acre land requires money, and disabled soldiers certainly are not capitalists.

But there were pioneering spirits in that little group. One of them thought of the cut-over lands.

In northern Minnesota, as in northern Wisconsin and Michigan, there are millions of acres of these lands. Once they were covered by great forests, but the ax of the lumberman and the red tongue of fire have exacted a heavy toll. Amid the stumps and wasted timber new trees are growing up in many places. Often there is a tangled mass of brush, old timber, and new vegetation.

In other sections no young trees have come up, as if to leave the cemetery of the forest inviolate. Here one finds acres and acres of stumps or great charred wastes with the blackened trunks of trees still standing like shadowy ghosts of the forest that was.

To the settler the cut-over country offers a fight. In it one finds perhaps the last frontier. Far up in these cut-over lands men are struggling against great odds to clear farms in the wilderness, just as men of another generation wrested from the forest now prosperous farming communities farther south. But men have a way of persevering, and the brush line is constantly being pushed farther north.

The disabled soldiers at the Minnesota school decided to make the fight. They would settle on adjoining tracts of land. That would prevent the isolation which too often is the lot of the settler in the north country, and they could help each other in the land clearing. Soon a committee was on the hunt for a location.

After many disappointments, a suitable tract was found near McGrath, Minnesota. Representatives of the Veterans' Bureau and the College of Agriculture looked it over, and the purchases followed. Some thirty veterans bought farms in the community, ranging in size from forty to eighty acres. Most of them had little or no money except their monthly checks from the Government, running from $80 to $150 a month, but easy payments were arranged with the owner of the land. In some cases the initial payment was only $1. Earnestness of purpose was a greater consideration. The monthly payments ranged from $20 to $50 a month. The cost of the land varied from $20 to $25 an acre.

Thus Veteransville, Minnesota, came into being. The former soldiers gave that name to the little settlement about which they are developing their farms. Formerly it bore the name of White Pine, but a petition has been forwarded

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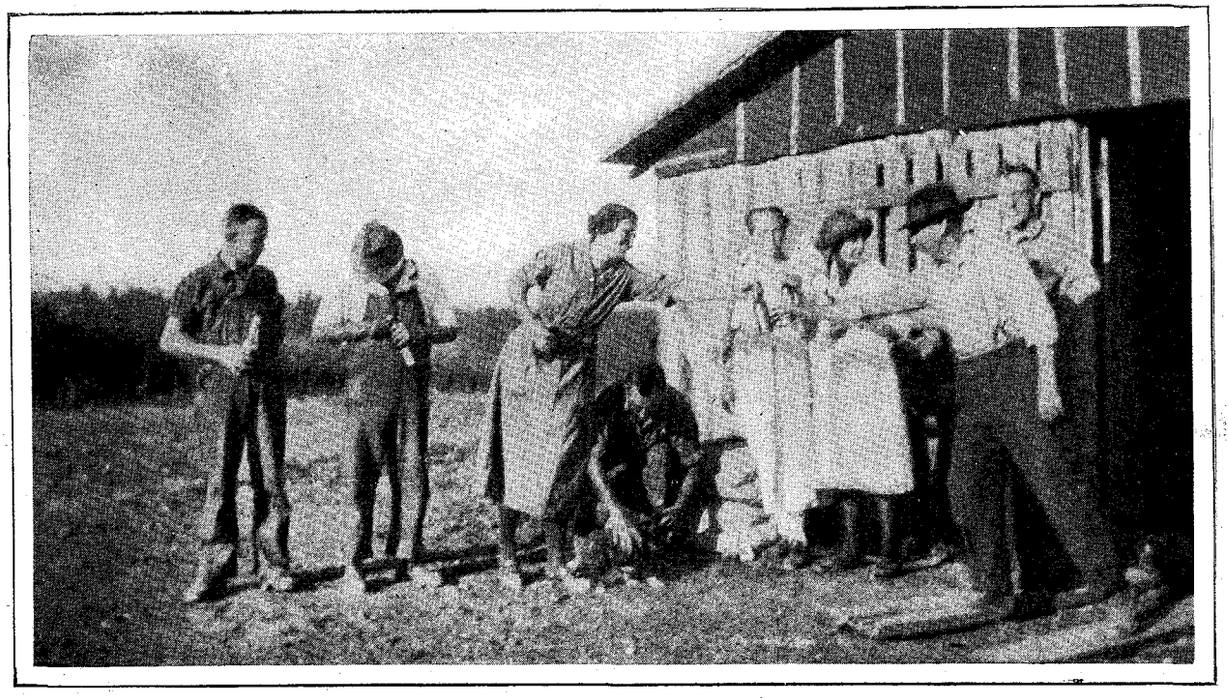


VETERANSVILLE TOLERATES NOTHING STRONGER THAN SODA POP, AS ONE MAN FOUND OUT TO HIS SORROW

to the Post Office Department asking that the name be changed.

Veteransville is a town of veterans. All the men who live in and around it were wounded, gassed, or otherwise incapacitated in service.

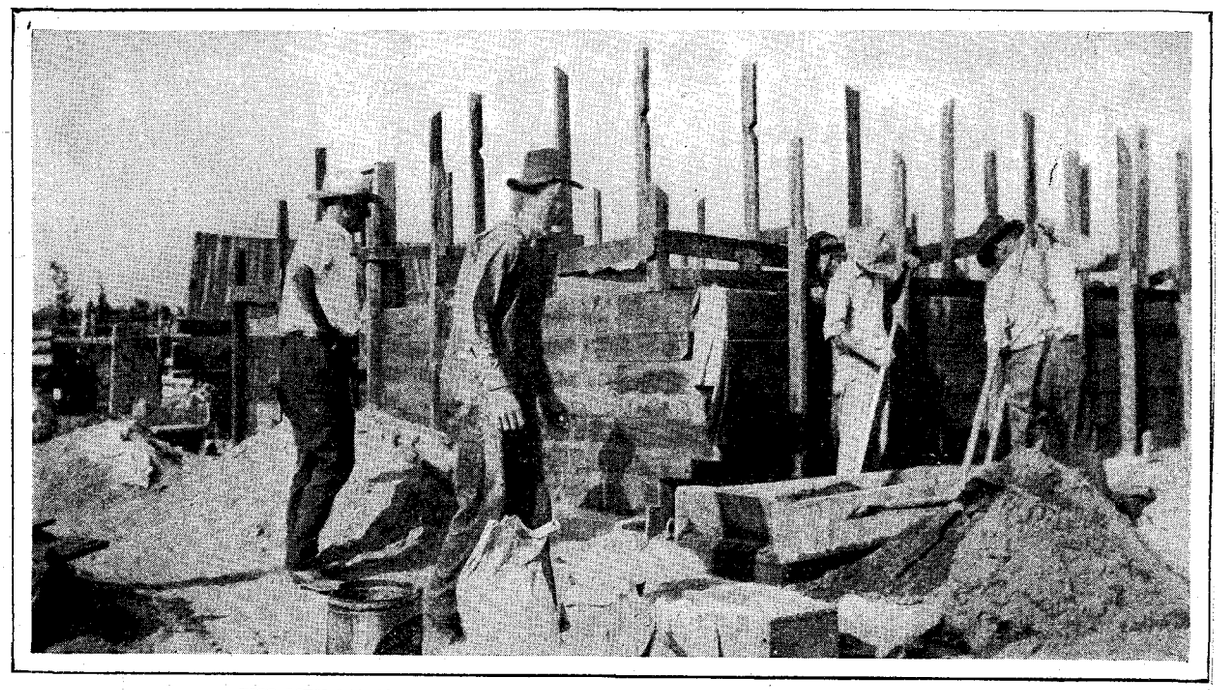
On April 7, just five years after the beginning of the war, the former doughboys arrived at Veteransville, and, armed with the grubbing hoe and the ax, began a new and perhaps greater fight in their careers. Soon warlike explosives designed for blowing up the strongholds of the Germans were set to work blowing up the deeply intrenched stumps. Reveille would sound at 5:30 A.M., and soon after the veterans would be on the firing line. All summer they kept it up. No retreats, no replacements, no rest camp. At times it looked discouraging, but nobody quit voluntarily.

When fall came, each man had five acres of his farm cleared and ready for the plow. Old settlers in the community were amazed. Many of them had spent five years in the cut-over country without getting as much done.

Moreover, most of the veterans had raised all the potatoes, vegetables, and garden stuff they needed. Knute Lothberg had a good crop of corn, part of it planted on land cleared this year. Incidentally, that is getting results pretty fast. No wonder old settlers in the community were amazed at the way those soldiers did things!

When I visited it this fall, Veteransville was a humming center of industry. The clearing work was going on full blast. Log houses were being erected in little clearings in the woods.

A former soldier led the way down a narrow path. He said it would be a walk of a mile or two. We walked on along the winding footpath, and at



THE MEN WORK TOGETHER IN BUILDING, AND HOMES GO UP IN SHORT ORDER

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THIS MAN IS BUILDING A HOME FROM MATERIAL CUT FROM HIS OWN FARM. NEXT YEAR HE WILL BUILD A BIGGER HOME AND USE THIS BUILDING FOR A HEN-HOUSE

length came to a brand-new log house in a clearing. Inside a young woman was preparing the evening meal.

"That is one of the soldiers' homes," said my companion. "Kinda homelike, don't you think?"

He led the way on down the path. You see, these pioneers at Veteransville have gone even beyond the roads. But the roads will follow in short order. The township had an election not long ago to vote bonds for the building of roads. Some of the old settlers opposed the procedure, but the soldiers carried the election.

Presently we came to another clearing, where a log house was in the process of construction.

"This man will live in this log house this winter," said my companion. "Next year he will build a bigger and better house, and use this building for a hen-house. The plan is for every man to start out as simply as possible, and never go in debt."

On our walk we passed many clearings. Altogether, thirty-six veterans have bought land in the community. This particular walk happened to be on a Sunday, and no work was being done. Yet at nearly every place we found men looking over their farms.

"I like to just sit here and dream it all out," one big fellow explained. "I am going to have my house there on that hill. It is going to be a log house, with a fireplace. Yes, and shelves around the fireplace for books."

At length we came back to the barracks where the unmarried men at Veteransville have their living quarters. About one-third of the men are married and have their own houses. The others live in a barracks not so much different from those of war time.

In the barracks a lively discussion was on. It concerned plans for the coming school, which, I learned, was to be held at Veteransville. Instead of leaving their farms and going back to St. Paul to complete their training in the School of Agriculture there, they would take the rest of their training on their own farms. The school would come out to them—dairy experts, poultry experts, and all.

The men themselves asked for this kind of training, and the Veterans' Bureau set about to arrange for it. None of the expensive living, none of the distractions of the city! Most of the men at Veteransville took their first year of training at the School of Agriculture in St. Paul. Few were able to save any money out of the funds provided by the Government for their maintenance during the training period.

Now these same men not only are making regular payments on their lands, but are laying away money to buy live stock and equipment. Some were in debt when they came to Veteransville, but since have got out of debt and started saving. In three years most of them will have their land and buildings paid for and some live stock. The Government payments just about enabled the men to support themselves in the cities, as intended, but with the lower living costs at Veteransville they find it possible to meet the payments on their farms and equip them.

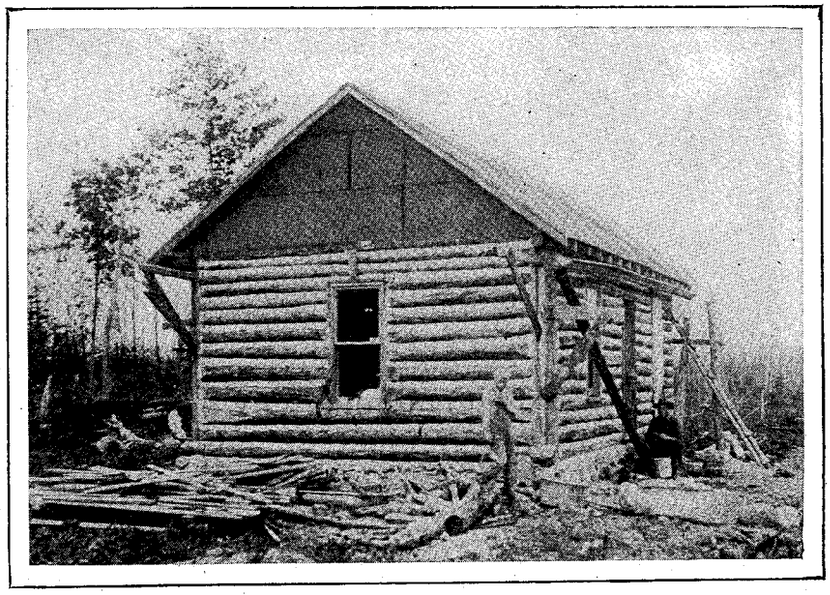
Then there's the matter of health. A man at McGrath who has followed the progress of the venture said:

"When they came up here, many were pale and thin. After they had been working outdoors a while, away from the smoke and dirt of the city, they became healthy and robust. One fellow when he came up here two months ago couldn't walk two blocks without playing out. Now he is just as husky as any of them."

Indeed, one would have to go far to find a hardier group of settlers. Some of the men came to Veteransville as tuberculosis cases. Two were machinists who had to give up this work for an outdoor occupation because of tuberculosis. Certainly, none of them look like it now.

Disabled? Yes, they were disabled. There's Joe Sandkamp. Joe had part of his spine shot away and wears a brace, but he wields an ax with the best of them at Veteransville. Otto Ellig got a shrapnel wound in the thigh, and limps a bit, but he certainly is an active casualty. A German bullet went through T. A. Olson's lung. Many of the boys were gassed. All the fighting divisions are represented among those thirty-six men—but war stories are taboo at Veteransville. Casualties once, perhaps, but you'd never know it now from watching the way these men are making the stumps fly.

The men work in squads while doing their clearing. Perhaps the army got them in the habit. The squad works a



LOG HOUSES LIKE THIS ARE GOING UP IN LITTLE CLEARINGS IN THE WOODS AROUND VETERANSVILLE TO FURNISH HOMES FOR FORMER SOLDIERS WHO ARE GOING BACK TO THE LAND

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while on one man's farm, and then goes to another, and so on around.

Some of the veterans are going into dairying. Others are going to specialize in poultry and bees. Moreover, they are going to standardize their products. All will have the same breed of cows and the same kind of chickens. Eggs sent to market will bear the Veteransville stamp and the number of the farmer shipping them. So will the butter and honey be marked. Products of the Veteransville farms in time will command premiums in the cities.

The men will sell their products together. Purchases also are pooled. On a car-load of picric acid the former soldiers pooled their orders and saved $2,000. Ownership as well as operation of a man's farm is an individual matter.

But all is not work at Veteransville. A baseball team offers outlet for athletic energies. Every two weeks a dance is held, and the settlers come from miles around. An old barn was converted into a fine dance-hall.

Once an outsider brought in some moonshine expecting generous profits at the veterans' dance. Instead, he got thrown out rather roughly. The soldiers had one of their number appointed a deputy sheriff, and no vender of liquor has had the temerity to come near Veteransville since.

The former soldiers held a Memorial Day celebration, the first ever seen in that section of the country. Settlers came from fifteen and twenty miles to attend the services. A hundred automobiles were counted at Veteransville that day. More and more Veteransville is becoming the center of activities for a wide territory.

Questions affecting the settlement as a whole are handled through the Veteransville Association.

The soldiers first took up quarters in an old logging camp. White Pine was the headquarters for James E. McGrath, who year after year floated down the Snake River millions of feet of timber which he cut along its upper reaches. But the last logs have gone down the Snake River. Small sawmills now are grinding up the final bits of timber into lath. Soon this will be done.

Hardly does the lumberman finish his work when a new pioneer comes in, the disabled soldier seeking to rehabilitate himself. The veterans even took over some of the buildings of the old logging camp. An old barn was cleaned up, floored, and whitewashed to make a barracks for the single men.

Several log buildings in the camp house the families of the married men while their homes are building. Veteransville also has a store, a post office, and several other buildings. It has a schoolhouse, where the children are taught by the wife of one of the former soldiers. In time it will have a creamery, a blacksmith shop, a community center, and all the adjuncts of a first-class town. At least such is the vision of its founders, who expect it to become the nucleus of a large community of former soldiers.

BOLSHEVISM, THE CHURCH, AND THE HOME

AN AMERICAN RELIEF OFFICIAL DESCRIBES CONDITIONS AS HE FOUND THEM IN RUSSIA

The following statement has been obtained from a former American Relief official who lately returned from Russia, and who is entirely reliable. His name is withheld because to reveal it would lead to the discovery by the Soviet Government of the people with whom he has been in contact, and that Government would certainly take summary vengeance on them for making him acquainted with the true facts.—THE EDITORS.

DURING the war Tchicherin is said to have remarked, in the course of conversation, "There are two great obstacles to the spread of the Social Revolution—the church and the home—and both must be swept aside."

There is sound psychology in this so far as the home is concerned. The Soviet Government is purely Communistic. The greatest incentive with most men to the acquisition of property is the desire to provide for those whom they love. If the home, which fosters family affection, can be broken up, this incentive will disappear, and the strongest objection to Communism, which seems now to be ingrained in most people, will disappear with it.

But the statement has especial importance because it affords the true explanation of certain facts which have recently been brought to the attention of the public through the newspapers. Despatches have told of the arrest of Russian bishops and their condemnation to death. Tihon, Patriarch of Moscow and head of the Russian Church, is said to be in prison, and the Church as a whole has been charged with failing in its duty to the Russian people during the famine. What has really happened is this.

The fight against the Church began in 1917, as soon as the Bolsheviki came into power. The Reds took possession of church property wherever possible—monasteries, convents, schools, the houses of priests and bishops. The Soviet abolished the theological seminaries, so that the supply of priests might be cut off, it closed the parish schools and passed a law forbidding any religious instruction to be given outside of the home to youth under eighteen years of age. Priests were arrested and shot for teaching their young people the basic elements of their religion. According to figures given by the Reds and recently published in the Soviet newspapers, twenty-eight bishops and over twelve hundred priests have been executed by them since 1917.

But the most insidious attack has been made within the last year, since the great famine came. This was the charge that the Church had refused to help the starving millions of Russia, and that their deaths have been due to its neglect. Of course the object of this was to discredit the Church with the people and to prepare the way for the spoliation which was purposed. The Soviet took care to make out an apparent case against the ecclesiastical authorities, though in doing so it has deliberately suppressed the truth, a course which prominent Bolsheviki have boasted that they never hesitated to pursue. At Genoa one of them gloried publicly in the fact that they never kept their word about anything when it suited them to break it.

In truth, the Church had been anxious to help its people from the outset. The first account which gave an adequate idea of the extent of the famine was contained in a despatch from the Patriarch to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking for help. This despatch was not permitted to be delivered to the Archbishop, but found its way into the press, both on the Continent and in England. In addition to this, the Patriarch requested to be permitted to take a full share in the relief work of the Gorki Committee in 1921, with the understanding, however, that the representatives of the Church should know how the money which they raised was spent. He thought, not unreasonably, that he ought to be in a position to assure people who responded to his appeals that their money had gone where it was meant to go. This request was absolutely refused. Public notices with the Patriarch's name on them were not allowed to be published, and no document was permitted to appear under his authority or the authority of the Church.

Next, the Patriarch offered to collect food in kind, and have it distributed among the people in the famine districts

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by the parishes, and this also was refused.

In March of the present year the Soviet Government ordered the Patriarch to issue an ecclesiastical decree directing the bishops and clergy to surrender the Church's treasures throughout the country, because, as they said, of the famine, but with no assurance or guaranty that the proceeds from the sale or other disposal of these treasures would be applied to the feeding of the starving people. The Patriarch made the grave answer that he and his colleagues were forbidden by their oaths and the canons of the Church to dispose of the property of the Church, which was, and had been from time immemorial, devoted to sacred purposes. He did not say that it could not be disposed of by any means, but that it could not be disposed of in a reckless manner, or without the Church's knowing what was done with it; that the danger of sacrilege would certainly arise, and that he was not, therefore, in a position to do what was directed without violating his oath.

But he went on to say: "We are prepared on behalf of the Church to undertake to raise the very money you think you will get by the sale of these treasures and to be responsible for seeing that the money goes to the famine areas, if you will leave the treasures where they are and allow us to deal with them as seems to us to be consistent with the oaths we have taken and the promises we have made."

The answer came at once: "We refuse to allow any such arrangement to be made," and the commissars were ordered to go into the churches, to tear down the ornaments, some of them of extraordinary interest, antiquity, and beauty—ikons, vessels, books, hangings, etc.—to take them in defiance of their custodians (the priests of the Church), and to allow no interference at all.

Now the Russian people have always been devoted to their Church, and since the Bolshevist troubles have come they have resorted to the churches more than ever, for, since man seemed to have deserted them, they had no place to turn but to God. In fact, there has been a great religious revival throughout the whole country, which has been commented on by all observers. Naturally, when the commissars began their work of spoliation disturbances arose. Thereupon the Soviet arrested a number of priests and bishops, charged them with inciting the people to riot, tried, and sentenced them to death. Moreover, it was their opportunity to deal with Tihon. Here in New York, where he lived for some years as Archbishop, he was greatly respected; in Russia he was profoundly reverenced. Sir Paul Dukes, in his enlightening book on Russia, "The Red Dusk and To-morrow," quotes a workman as saying: "There is only one man in the whole of Russia whom the Bolsheviki fear from the bottom of their hearts, and that is Tihon, Patriarch of the Russian Church."

Tihon was arrested and thrown into prison. This was denied by the Soviet, who asserted that "he was living in a monastery." So he was—in the Donsky Monastery at Moscow, which is used as a prison for ecclesiastics. It was reported some time ago that he had been taken to Petrograd for trial, and if he is tried there is no slightest doubt that he will be convicted on some trumped-up charge and sentenced to death. Whether the Patriarch and the other bishops and priests who are under sentence of death will be executed will depend on whether the Soviet Government thinks it to its advantage in its dealings with the outside world, in the matter of loans, etc., to appear to be becoming more moderate in its policy. That it has changed its heart is unthinkable, for the same set of men are still in control who have deluged Russia with blood.

There is one other insidious method by which the Bolsheviki are attacking the Church, and that is by encouraging other sects to come into the country and do propaganda at the expense of the national Church. This would account, for instance, for its extremely friendly attitude towards the Roman Church, of which we have read lately in the newspapers. Certain American sects are engaged in this work, and it ought to be impressed upon them that by what they are doing, which weakens the national Church, they are only playing the Bolshevists' game and working to their own ultimate disadvantage. If the Russian Church were destroyed, these newcomers would be easy victims. There ought to be churchmanship in America wise and resourceful enough to serve Russia spiritually without making common cause with the Communists, which is what some sects are doing now.

In fact, the Soviet was rightly alive to its danger from the Church. Not long ago a distinguished Russian remarked that his country had passed through several such crises as the present, and when he was asked how it had come out of them he replied, unhesitatingly, "Through religion and the Church." The Bolsheviki never forget that history may repeat itself.

In dealing with the home the Soviet's methods were a little less direct than in dealing with the Church. They began by taking away the home-maker, the mother, as much as possible. Everybody in Russia is more or less dependent on rations for food, and the Government rationed men who were employed, but not their wives, unless they too had jobs. This took the mother away from the home a great part of the day, necessarily. Then the Soviet established institutions where fathers and mothers, while not actually compelled to do so, were encouraged to send their children to be brought up. This served a double purpose—to break up family life and to give the Bolsheviki a chance to bring up the children as good Communists. Fortunately, it has not succeeded. The institutions have generally proved disastrous failures, often with shocking conditions, and recently in many cases parents have been directed to send and take their children back: "We are closing the house; come and take them away." No better sign of the failure of Communism in Russia could be given than this.

The misery of the starving people in the famine areas, naturally and properly, is what has been brought most to the attention of the American people, yet there are other forms of suffering which are hardly less poignant. One of these is the great blight which has fallen on the *intelligentsia*, the educated classes. The American Relief by its food parcel system has done a work for them which has been not the least of the benefits which it has brought to Russia. The condition of these people, especially those engaged in teaching, is inexpressibly pitiable, not only because of the under-feeding, not to call it slow starvation, which they are obliged to face, but because of their intellectual hunger.

As for the physical hunger, the ration for a professor in one university, not in the famine region, is eighteen pounds of food *a month*. The average American eats approximately four pounds of food *a day*. No wonder that a petition from this institution gave the names of six professors who had recently died, nor that the remaining two hundred appealed to "the Civilized Scientific and Humane Societies of the United States to extend help, without which the university within the ensuing year had only to finish its existence."

An appeal for relief early in 1922 by the music teachers of one of the principal cities was addressed "To the citizens of our friendly country in the hope of a favorable answer to this entreaty of our starving artists. . . . We receive too little food and money. On the market everything is too dear, and our essential nourishment consists of cabbage, frozen potatoes, and scanty portions of bad rye bread. Our Association counts no less than 2,000 members, and among them not less than 500 are in bitter want of food." And almost more numerous than the appeals for food from the highly educated classes have been the requests that scientific material be obtained for them, since they have been cut off from it since the beginning of the war. Electricians, physiologists, and other specialists declare that they have heard nothing new in their spheres since 1914.

Something of the general frame of mind of these poor people may be gathered from the case of one woman, gently nurtured and highly cultivated, who came to see one of our Relief officers. When he had received her, the American stepped out into the hall, called a servant, and told her to bring a couple of cups of tea and some cakes. When they came, the young woman burst into tears. "What's the matter?" "Oh, I did not know that there was a man in Russia with so much courtesy left!"

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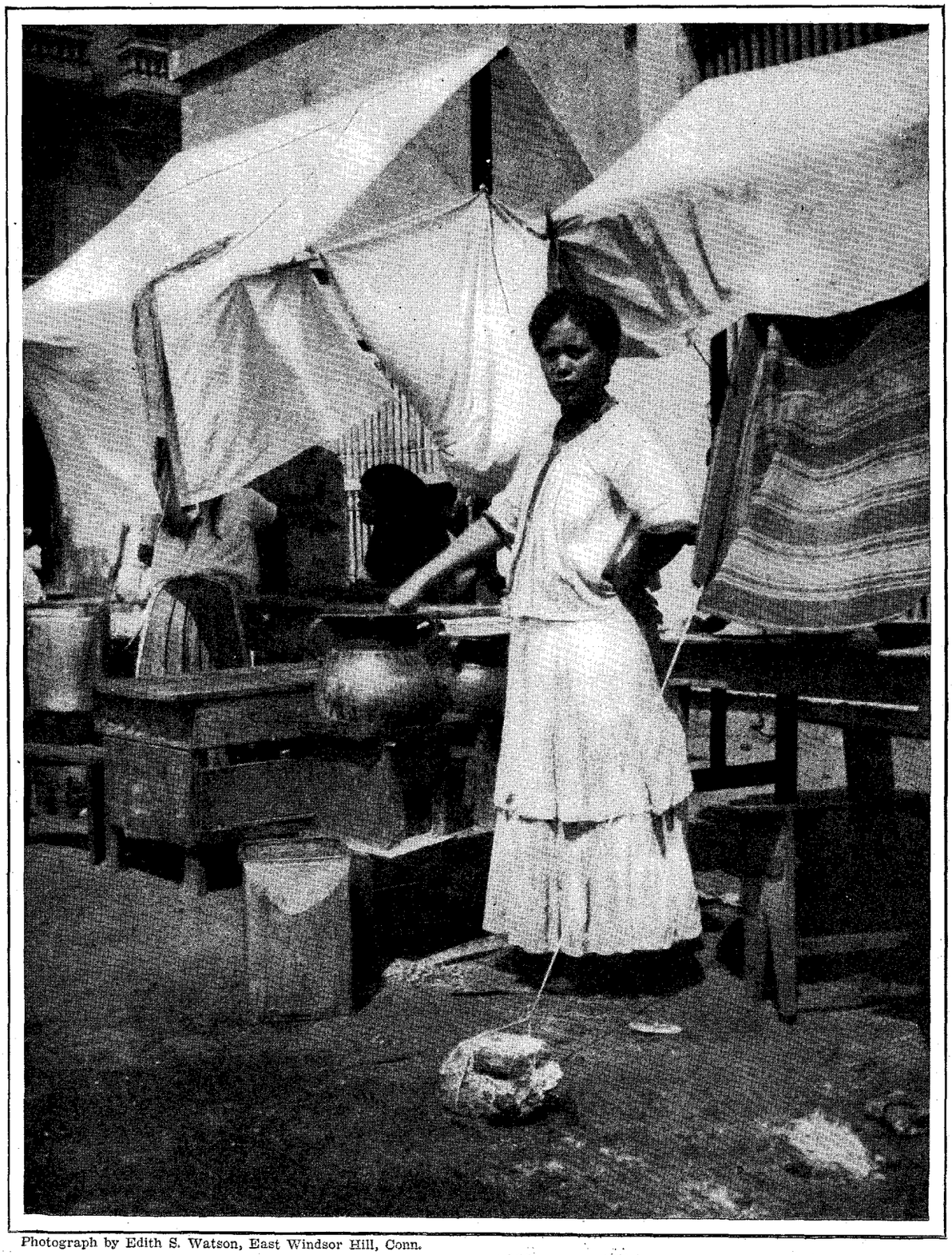
COOK OF THE WALK

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



Photograph by Edith S. Watson, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

A WAYSIDE KITCHEN IN VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

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THE BOOK TABLE

MR. LOCKE'S AWFUL BELIEF IN HUMANITY

BY JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL

IN William J. Locke's latest book, "The Tale of Triona," Alexis Triona wins fame through the publication of a volume which is, in fundamentals, a plagiarism. The lie is discovered by his adoring wife, Olivia; Triona, in shame, hides himself away for a year, is finally reconciled to his wife, and comes back to society with a confession of the part he played in the creation of the book.

Writing to the "Times," he tells how, finding the notes on the dead body of an espionage agent in Russia, he came to take the story as his own and wrote it as such, adopting the romantic name of Alexis Triona in place of the somewhat prosaic one of John Briggs.

Despite the fact that his own brilliance made the book, Briggs's part has of course been an ignominious one; but he is prepared, backed up by his wife, to make matters clear to the public and stand free of his guilt for all time. He expects all sorts of uproars from the publication of his letter of confession.

Mr. Locke is wonderfully kind! This is what he says:

> But as they had planned so did it not turn out. Rowington gave news that Onslow and Wedderburn had dropped the question. Why revive dead controversy? But Triona and Olivia insisted. The letter on the origin of "Through Blood and Snow," signed "John Briggs," appeared in the "Times." A few references to it appeared in the next weekly "Press." But that was all. No one was interested. "Through Blood and Snow" was forgotten. The events of 1917 in Russia were ancient history. . . . What did the reading world care what Alexis Triona's real name was or how he obtained the material for his brilliant book?

I repeat, Mr. Locke is wonderfully kind. Would that many more people were built the same way. Just what would have happened under the circumstances in real life is something like the following.

Scene: The news-room of half the newspapers in the city.

Time: Morning.

A lynx-eyed city editor sits in his chair reading. Suddenly he starts, pounces forward. There is quick play of right hand and a pair of scissors, and the sheet lies mutilated before him.

"Scott! Whalen!" he barks, and from nowhere appear two keen-faced young men, who stand attentively before the Great One.

"Seen Alexis Triona's letter in the 'Times' smorning?" he asks, looking piercingly at them.

"No," they both answer.

"No, you wouldn't! What d'you do on the way to the office? Sleep? Well, anyway, you know the chap I mean?"

"Sure," from both.

"Right; get onto this. Read that letter."

They read it together, while the other returns to his paper.

"Gee! This is good!" bursts from both young men.

"Glad you realize it," the C. E. says, without looking up. "Now get right on it. Find out what's back of it. You, Scott, get at Triona himself and his wife. Funny business this about being away for a whole year. See what it means. There's a story somewhere." He glances up. "Might be another woman in it, you know. See. Get at the servants. Whalen, you get after this publisher fellow, Rowington. How much did he know when he published the book? Has he been keeping it dark? Is it a conspiracy between the two, and is this 'Times' dope just a free ad? You know what I want. Right, first edition, mind. Shoot!"

Scott and Whalen rush out of the room.

The city editor picks up the telephone.

"Harry? Say, Harry, we're running a page feature on this Alexis Triona stunt. . . . See his letter in the 'Times'? You did, eh? Thought you would. . . . Well, Harry, I want you to fix me up with two or three pictures. You know the stuff. Triona and his wife. . . . Have they got any kids? H'm! Pity! Tell you what, rake up some of these Russian starvation pictures, will you? All right; let me know. 'By!"

The city editor of half the papers in the city then jumps to his feet and barges through the door of the Sunday Magazine Section, disturbing the peace and quiet that reign therein.

"Say, Jim," he cracks out, and the spiders up in the corners look down in amazement at the disturbance. "What did we say about Triona's book 'Through Blood and Snow' when it was published last year? Hunt it up, will you? And get me a copy of the book as well. I want some quotations from it."

Five minutes later he is glancing over the review.

"H'm," he mutters disconsolately, "this won't do! 'Wonderful . . . thrilling . . . the mark of truth is stamped on every page. It is only too clear that the author has lived through the agonizing experiences he so vividly describes. . . . Something more than a book. . . .' Jim, what d'you mean by it? Spoiling the story like this! I wanted to say that at the time of publication the 'Daily Squeal' had been the only newspaper in the country to point out that the story should be taken with a pinch of salt. We can't do that now."

He thinks for a moment.

"Tell you what! Find out what the sales of the book have been, will you? And (if you can) just what Triona has brought in from his little deception."

The man of books is moved to protest.

"But, I say, old chap," he ventures, "don't you see this fellow Triona is doing a pretty big thing with this confession? Why treat the story this way?"

"Which way is that?"

"Well, it seems pretty obvious, doesn't it?"

"That's my affair. Don't the people want the news?"

"Well, God in heaven," cries the other, "hasn't the fellow given it them in his letter?"

The city editor (of half the newspapers in the city) becomes immersed in documents.

Scene: The office of the manager of half the photographic agencies and film news bureaus in the city.

Time: Morning.

The manager sits in his chair reading the morning paper. Suddenly he starts, pounces forward, and peers into the news sheet as if in recognition of a long-lost friend. Throwing down the paper, he raises grateful eyes to heaven, and as his hand reaches for the telephone he murmurs, wonderingly, "For the love of Pete!"

"Say, Eddy," he bawls down the tube, "have you seen the letter in the 'Times' 'smorning from that guy Alexis Triona? You have, eh? Some story, boy! How many men have we got out on it? Eh? Good for you! Let's see the results when you get 'em."

The manager then puts down the telephone reverently, leans back in his chair and twiddles his thumbs. Closing his eyes, he whistles softly to himself the "Song of Love."

Scene: The office of the manager of half the film-producing companies in the city.

Time: Forenoon.

The manager sits in his comfortable chair reading. From his table a bevy of beautiful women smile dazzlingly towards him, but he ignores the photographs, his attention having been drawn to something of more than ordinary interest in the news. Leaning forward, he pushes one of the row of white buttons in his table.

A minute later the door is opened noiselessly and a tall, well-groomed man enters the room.

"Ah, Ward," booms the man at the table, "I suppose you have done something in the matter of this Triona confession?"

"We have," answers the newcomer. "We are negotiating now for the film rights of the book 'Through Blood and Snow.' As you know, we have tried in vain to get in touch with Triona during

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the past year. But now I have Smith out on the job, and have already prepared the ground by a series of wires and phone calls. It appears, however, that Triona is besieged this morning."

"Naturally, naturally," comes testily from the Mighty One, "but it was up to you to get in first. Let me know what progress you make."

Ward silently withdraws, and the manager, frowning, leans back in his chair and mutters: "Too bad, too bad! These fellows of mine want waking up badly."

Many scenes of a similar nature are being enacted all over the city, but we spare you them, and leap ahead.

The scene is the interior of all the elevated trains, surface cars, and subway carriages of the city. The time is early evening on the same day.

Packed masses of humanity are swaying and rolling with the lurch of motion. With eagerness they con the flaring headlines of the newspapers which, in some mysterious way, they have contrived to bring safely and untorn through the crowds.

Snatches of conversation can be heard above the roar and rattle of steel. Even the heavy breathing does not entirely drown the voices.

". . . Some guy, eh? . . ."

". . . That's society for you! . . ."

". . . Funny thing how it wasn't found out before . . . seems to me. . . ."

". . . And his wife, too! . . ."

". . . It says here that he's been living away from her for a year. . . ."

". . . Yeah! . . . That's good gum. . . ."

". . . Says in my paper that he was secretly married to a girl in. . . ."

". . . A Russian princess, they say. . . . Gee! That's the life for me. . . ."

". . . He get's away with it, too. . . . Knows how to put it over. . . ."

". . . And his name! Some name, boy! . . . Say, *did you see that bit?* . . ."

". . . She's not much to look at, is she? . . ."

". . . You could tell by his picture he wasn't an author. . . ."

". . . It's my opinion. . . ."

". . . I haven't read the book, but I think it's a downright. . . ."

". . . They're getting divorced. He was found at the. . . ."

". . . It was an awful book, anyway. . . . I never read it, but my sissy says *she* couldn't understand a word. . . ."

". . . He's not a Russian at all. . . ."

". . . What are the police doing, anyhow? . . ."

". . . Wonder what his game is now? . . . "

". . . Good thing the newspapers found him out. . . ."

". . . Oh, look! It's to be on the pictures. . . ."

". . . Shouldn't be surprised if he commits suicide. . . ."

" . . . Her, you mean! . . ."

The last scene of all, perhaps, should be a little picture of Triona and Olivia sitting together the same evening, a look of terrible bewilderment in their eyes—wondering whether, after all, it had not been the better part to go on acting the lie.

Trifling little scenes, these. But they will be understood by the unfortunate people who have gone through this mill. In their sad eyes I might be able to raise a gleam of understanding and pity.

But would the pity be for Triona and his wife?

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the Plum tree.
—Mother Goose.

FROM A WATER COLOR BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

THE NEW BOOKS

PAINTING

ARTHUR RACKHAM: A LIST OF BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY HIM. Compiled by Frederick Coykendall. With an Introductory Note by Martin Birnbaum. Privately printed, 1922.

Collectors and bibliophiles as well as illustrators will be interested in this beautifully printed little brochure, the product of the printing house of W. E. Rudge, of Mount Vernon, New York, and designed, we understand, by Mr. Bruce Rogers. Mr. Birnbaum's introduction presents an enthusiastic yet discriminating appreciation of Mr. Rackham's work, which, as every one knows, has made many good books better during a score of years or more. Perhaps Rackham's children are his most characteristic as well as his most popular creations; though Milton's "Comus" has very recently been illustrated by him, while in an earlier period he was attracted by Washington Irving's books. A recent exhibition of Rackham's work at the Scott and Fowles galleries in New York City has presented his original drawings for the first time to the public, and makes the issuing of this appreciation especially appropriate. We reproduce above one of the characteristic drawings from "Mother Goose" as shown in this exhibition.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR. By Duncan Phillips and Others. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $15.

This handsome book contains thirty-odd full-page plates showing in monotone the best of Weir's work. With the appreciations by Duncan Phillips, Royal Cortissoz, Childe Hassam, J. B. Millet, and others, it constitutes a worthy memorial of one of the most distinguished of American painters.

EDUCATION

PHYSICAL STANDARDS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Charles K. Taylor. The Academy Press, Orange, New Jersey. $2.

Mr. C. K. Taylor's Outlook articles on

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physical standards for boys and girls evoked a wider response than perhaps any other articles which appeared last year in this journal. A statement of the principles behind his standards and the method of their application, together with complete tables for the measurement of boys and girls, is now available in book form. This compact and authoritative volume should be in the hands of every one interested in the physical welfare and development of children.

POETRY

ENCHANTED YEARS (THE). Edited by Professors John C. Metcalf and James S. Wilson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

Although a few of the poems contributed to "The Enchanted Years" have already appeared in periodicals and volumes, the majority of them are printed here for the first time. When it is pointed out that among the contributors to this volume are Lord Dunsany, D. H. Lawrence, H. D., Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, John Drinkwater, Ralph Hodgson, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, and Walter de la Mare, to enumerate a few of the eighty poets present, it may readily be seen that the anthology is not without importance as an addition to the season's poetry. The writers whose work appears in this book contributed their efforts as a centennial offering to the University of Virginia, and because this is so a number of the poems are concerned with the University itself, with Virginia, and with Edgar Allan Poe. However, most of the poems are on general subjects, and the reader may discover such delightful efforts as "Egypt," by H. D.; "I Know All This When Gypsy Fiddles Cry," by Vachel Lindsay; "Saul," by George Sterling; and "Afterthoughts," by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

SELECTED POEMS. By Laurence Binyon. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Laurence Binyon is an admirable example of what assiduous application in almost any art by an intelligent and sensitive man will do. When he first started writing verse, he wrote probably the worst poetry that any man of his prominence had ever perpetrated in England. But time went on and Mr. Binyon's work grew better, until it reached that authentic plane which placed him among the lesser contemporary figures in English poetry. He has now reached that proud eminence which entitles him to a volume of "Selected Poems." Some of the work included is mediocre, much of it is charming though not especially important, and a few pieces possess that distinguished ring of finality which proclaims the achieved poem. He is essentially a conservative in verse, employing time-honored meters, writing about Tristram and Iseult, Sirmione, and "The Death of Adam." His phrasing is clear and vibrant, albeit it is but seldom that the truly distinguished phrase flashes before the reader. He is frequently delicate in his apprehensions of beauty. Here is an example of his lyric note at its best:

MORN LIKE A THOUSAND SHINING SPEARS

Morn like a thousand shining spears
Terrible in the East appears.
O hide me, leaves of lovely gloom,
Where the young Dreams like lilies bloom!

What is this music that I lose
Now, in a world of fading clues?
What wonders from beyond the seas
And wild Arabian fragrancies?

In vain I turn me back to where
Stars made a palace of the air.
In vain I hide my face away
From the too bright invading Day.

That which is come requires of me
My utter truth and mystery.
Return, you dreams, return to Night:
My lover is the armèd Light.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WHITE HEART OF MOJAVE (THE). By Edna Brush Perkins. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Two women who loved adventure and beauty and the wild outdoors went to Death Valley, and one of them has made a good book about the trip to and in that desolate region, full of the atmosphere of the real desert. The account of the difficulties that beset the travelers in reaching their goal is entertaining and at times humorous, and the descriptions of desert scenery are unusually good.

RUNNING WATER[1]

BY FULLERTON WALDO

GREAT rivers like the Yukon and the Mackenzie, moving forever toward a distant goal, enthrall the imagination with a sense of irresistible power and perpetual motion that never comes to him who travels on still water. Old-timers who ran the Athabasca or the Slave River rapids in their canoes deplore the passing of the ancient order; for, if the change reduced the personal risk, it also did away with the tingle and the thrill of battle amid the rocks in the foaming torrent to bring the scow or the York boat through. That bristling adventure counted for more than a man's pay. If there was peril, there was also the true romance, with "the bright eyes of danger." The passenger learned to place his trust in Providence, his own paddle, and his tight-lipped pilot and not to rock the boat. The miracle was that so many frail cockle-shells came through unscathed. The wary river pioneers did not despise the dangers; familiarity never bred contempt. But they read the river as a scholar reads a book. They interpreted by a flash of intuition the meaning of every white ripple, every darkling patch or shifting color or revolving eddy. They seemed to possess an uncanny faculty for the divination of that which lay beneath the surfaces. They had cool judgment and unshaken nerve.

[1] Other sketches of the Mackenzie River country by Mr. Waldo will appear in subsequent issues.

"There was I lying in the bottom of the boat," said a canoe passenger of the Athabasca Rapids, "and Colonel Cornwall sat there in the stern steering with his paddle, never once showing the faintest trace of concern. I saw the blue sky and the clouds shooting by like steam blowing off. There was a roaring in my ears—we struck a rock, and caromed off again; we scudded out of a twisting, boiling chute into a placid reach, and I thanked my stars we had come to the end of the passage. And then I learned that it was only the beginning, and the merest ripple to what was to come. From a whirlpool where we spun like a helpless insect we were thrown against two rocks, the water rushing under the boat as we hung there. We had to get out and unload the canoe, then hoist it round the obstacle and let it down into a foaming pool. Colonel Cornwall grinned and said it was fun. I was gladder than Pollyanna when it was over."

The reckoning comes when the men who passed down the swift-flowing stream so lightly must ascend it. Great Bear River has a course of ninety miles between Great Bear Lake and the Mackenzie at Norman. The distance is descended by canoe in a day. When Inspector La Nauze, of the Mounted Police, went up in quest of Eskimo murderers in 1915, he needed thirteen days. He had to take with him a scow laden with provisions. This means the wearisome process known as "tracking," by which the river-men must haul the vessel along the bank with tow ropes. All the old-timers can tell a generation fond of desk work and afraid of blistering its hands the wide difference between gliding down-stream and "bucking the current." It is still a formidable feat to descend in a canoe the river Mackenzie, explored in 1789. To-day the canoeist, returning, can put his boat aboard a steamer; but Mackenzie, uncomplaining, worked his passage with his spruce paddle all the way back to Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. To paddle your own canoe had meaning then.

Within fifty miles of Hay River, a hamlet at the southwest corner of Great Slave Lake, are the Alexandra Falls, on the stream that bears the same name as the settlement. The upper falls are eighty-five feet high, and a mile down the river are the lower falls, fifty-five feet high, a total drop of one hundred and forty feet. Twelve miles from the lake are rapids. Yet before it enters the lake the stream is moving so slowly that it seems stagnant. It is as brown as coffee, and an iridescent scum with a displeasing aroma forms upon it On either hand the banks exhibit vegetation of an almost tropic luxuriance. The traveler might imagine himself on a waterway of Amazonia, amid this lush growth of long grasses, willows, alders,

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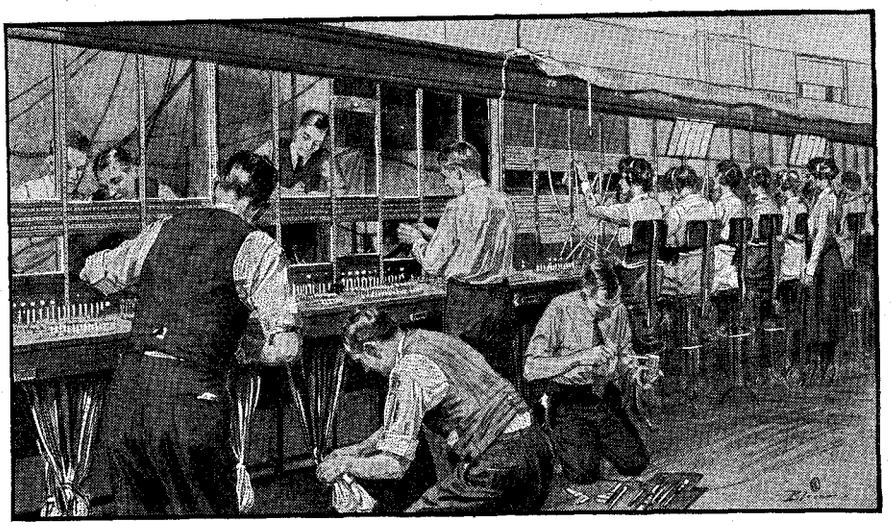
and spruces, so abundant and thickset that in their rank, green opulence they seem nearer the hothouse tropics than the Arctic Circle. The air teems with insect life, and one half expects to find the corrugated snouts of alligators breaking the oily surface like water-logged driftwood here and there. Only the lily-pads are lacking to complete the picture of a sluggish stream of the Temperate or even the Torrid Zone. The people of the settlement forbear to drink the rusty water. They repair instead to the lake into which it so deliberately empties. The lake is green and clean, with a tang of the saline and the marine, and emerging from the river to its sailless broad expanse is like going from a moldy cellar to the windy freedom of a housetop. But the strange thing is that the very water which has so recently been furiously raging like the heathen of the psalm is now so placid. The falls, fairly comparable in form and beauty with Niagara, and the boisterous rapids below them have created a vehement turbulence of which nothing appears a short distance farther on. The fury was spent in sound and commotion, like the white heat of anger of a "husky" dog. The water of life has become the water of death—a Lethe or a Styx.

No wonder the mortal term of man is compared with the course of a river. The parallel is obvious. Mere force and violence at the beginning may offer an imposing spectacle, but when the driving energy gives out and the seething current of abounding vitality conforms to the channel of routine and acquiesces in low levels, forgetful of high origins, man's life is no more a quickening force, a motive power, a servant of God like sunlight or fire, wind or frost. Salvation, for man or river, is in maintenance of motion. For a man the motion may be that of intellectual processes as well as physical. He need not brandish his arms to appear to be doing something. But his mind, at least, must work. This is what Thoreau means, when he says, "A man sits as many risks as he runs." The danger to a solitary dweller in the North is that, with so much time on his hands and boundless space about him, he will not save his mind by means of the strenuous exertion it requires. He need not fear so much for the upkeep of his body. It has much to do to assure its warmth and nourishment. He will have the physical exercise of cutting wood, or minding trap lines, or fishing through the ice. The danger is that the soul may "dwindle, peak, and pine" for sustenance in the barren snowbound lands; that it will hibernate and sit in darkness the long night through; that the sun of summer will not dissipate the chill and rouse the soul from its enduring torpor.

The mind and the river cannot afford to stand still. The mind must go on from strength to strength till finite life is merged with infinite love, even as the river, unhasting and unresting, cleaving a mountain, traversing a plain, finding a way and brooking no denial, goes on and on until it meets the sea.



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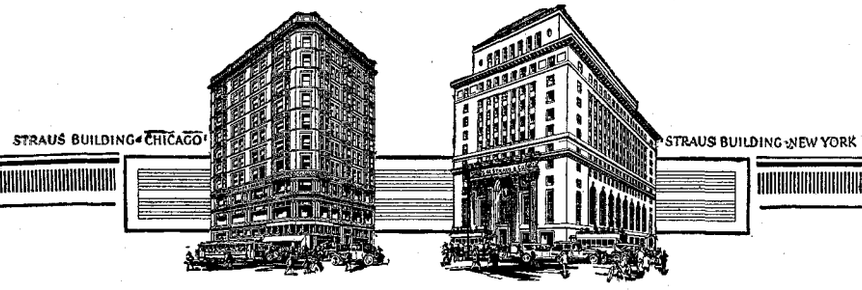
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

STOCK DIVIDENDS

THE United States Supreme Court has ruled that stock dividends are not taxable as income. A tax is payable on this form of income only in case the stock received is converted into cash; dividends of course may subject the owner of the shares to a surtax.

The declaration of a stock dividend means that a corporation's surplus is being capitalized. There seems to be some apprehension on the part of corporations that an accumulated surplus, if it is a substantial one, may be subjected to a tax on the ground that it is larger than the legitimate requirements of the business demand. It has been suggested, therefore, that many of the corporations which have piled up big surplus accounts have adopted the stock-dividend method of cutting them down in order to escape the possibility of having them taxed. It is of course impossible to say whether this is or is not the case. The fact remains, however, that stock dividends have been of frequent occurrence this past autumn, and more are rumored. Many stocks have advanced in price on the strength of such



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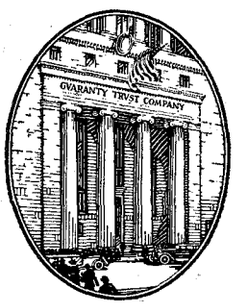
rumors; many stocks have advanced in price merely because the issuing corporations have large surpluses and speculators have professed to see good possibilities of a stock dividend.

The close observer will have noticed, however, that, while many stocks show immediate advances in price on stock dividend rumors, most of them do little advancing after the dividend is definitely announced, and in numerous instances actually register declines. What is the value of a stock dividend to a stockholder, anyway?

Suppose a corporation has ten thousand shares of stock outstanding and is paying annual dividends of $9 a share. Its dividend requirements are $90,000 a year. Suppose this corporation decides to pay a stock dividend of fifty per cent. This means that the number of shares will be increased to fifteen thousand, and that each stockholder will now have three shares of stock where previously he had two. On the face of it he is fifty per cent better off than he was before. In order to maintain annual dividends of 9 per cent, however, it will now require $135,000, in place of $90,000, an increase of $45,000 a year, the same proportionate increase here as in the case of the outstanding shares. Suppose, however, that earnings are no larger than they were before, and that $90,000 is still all that the corporation can afford to pay out in dividends. What happens? Well, the dividend rate is reduced from $9 to $6, and the total amount disbursed remains exactly the same. And the man who owned two shares and received $18 a year on them in dividends now possesses three shares and still receives $18 a year. Is he any better off than he was before? Not so far as his income is concerned. He is better off if the three shares he now owns will bring more in the market than the two shares he had previously, but the market price of a stock is largely determined by earnings and dividends, so that the chances are that he is in just about the same position financially as before.

The companies comprising the Standard Oil group of corporations have for



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

many years made a practice of distributing stock dividends. The business and earnings of these corporations have shown a tremendous increase during the past twenty years, and in most instances this new stock has become exceedingly valuable. People who purchase the so-called Standard Oil group of stocks and who consider only the straight cash yield do not, as a general rule, obtain a very high yield. Atlantic Refining Company stock, for instance, selling at $1,300 a share and paying dividends of $20 a share a year, yielded only slightly more than one and one-half per cent. The explanation of the high price has been of course the large undivided surplus and the prospect of a big stock dividend. Announcement has just recently been made that the Atlantic Refining Company has declared a 900 per cent stock dividend. Fifty thousand shares of stock have been authorized and but 5,000 issued; it is proposed to distribute the 45,000 shares so far unissued among the stockholders. Further, the report states that the directors hope to pay $1 a share quarterly on the new stock. Every man who owned one share of stock will now have ten shares, and, instead of $20 a share a year, he will now receive $4. But he will have ten shares instead of one and his income will be doubled. If expectations are realized, therefore, this particular stock dividend is exceedingly valuable. They do not always have such beneficial results.

There is one result of stock dividends, however, which is always good, and that is the benefits accruing to preferred stockholders from such distributions. The declaration of a common-stock dividend means, as we have seen, that a corporation's surplus is being capitalized. It is probable that the largest part of this surplus consists of real estate, plants, equipment, and the property of subsidiary companies. When these assets are once capitalized, they cannot be dissipated, and common stock issued against a surplus of this kind means that it is to be kept as an asset. It cannot be disposed of, and the position of the preferred stock will be strengthened accordingly, for preferred stocks have a right prior to the common to all fixed assets. If, therefore, the fixed assets are increased, the result is additional security for the preferred stock.

The point for a common-stock holder to decide is whether it is more profitable for him to keep the shares received as a stock dividend, trusting that his income will be at least as much as formerly and that possibly the value of his holdings will increase, or to sell the new stock and take the cash. If he sells, he has to pay an income tax; if he holds on, he doesn't. But a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and oftentimes a dollar in cash proves more valuable than two dollars in prospect.

Stock dividends on the face of things are of no particular benefit, and increasing the number of shares and reducing

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their par value is scarcely more than a gesture. Increasing the number of outstanding shares does not increase earnings, and earnings are what make stocks valuable. Reducing the par value of a stock and splitting the original shares into smaller units does not increase earnings either; it is like giving a man two five-dollar bills for one ten. A successful sugar company a few years ago was paying $40 a share a year in dividends on its stock of $100 par. Presently par of the stock was reduced to $20 a share and each stockholder given five new shares for each old one. Dividends, however, were reduced to $8 a share, so that so far as income was concerned there was no change whatsoever. The main advantage was that the selling price per share was reduced and, instead of having to pay $2,000 for five shares, the investor could buy five shares for $400. This business of reducing the cost per share is considered worth while in many instances, for it is a well-known fact that most people would rather buy ten shares than one, even if the ten are worth only as much as the one. It is for this psychological reason that the par value of so many new promotions is fixed at a low figure. People get lots of shares for little money, and seem to think that for this reason they have a bargain. It is well to remember, however, that it is more a question of what you get than how much. And this point applies to stock dividends, which on the face of things seem to be a great boon to stockholders, but which actually may leave them exactly where they were before.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I notice that Pennsylvania Railroad stock, which pays 6 per cent dividends, I believe, is quoted at about $46 a share. What is the reason for this, and why should a stock like Pennsylvania yield over 12 per cent? What is the catch?

A. There is no catch. The par value of Pennsylvania Railroad stock is $50 a share and the dividend rate is $3 a share a year, the equivalent of $6 on a stock of $100 par. The yield on Pennsylvania is only slightly more than 6 per cent, just about in line with other railway stocks of the same class.

Q. Please suggest some bonds for investment purposes which bear the highest rate of interest consistent with safety. What do you think of first-mortgage real estate bonds?

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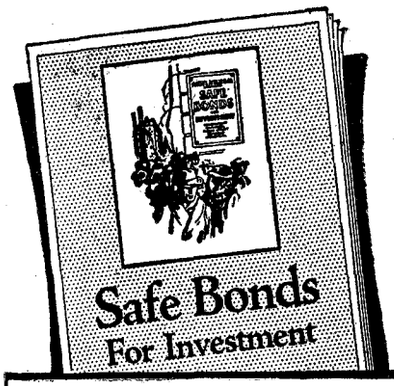

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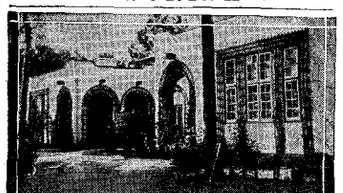

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WANTED—Reliable, middle-aged woman to make herself generally useful in small family living on Harrison Ave., Harrison, N.Y. One who values pleasant home above high salary. Address Mrs. S. A. Shepard or telephone Park 871.

WORKING housekeeper, family three adults. References exchanged. Tuckahoe 1325 W. 3,131, Outlook.

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WANTED—Nursery governess or mother's helper, educated, Protestant, capable, good walker, age 35-40. Two children, ages 5 and 7 years; situation permanent. Highest personal references essential. Summit, N. J. Salary $80. 3,122, Outlook.

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LADY taking independent ten-week Mediterranean trip, sailing February, wishes protégé. Small fee. References exchanged. 3,116, Outlook.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON since 1880 has been on the staff of the New York "Tribune" as foreign editor, literary editor, and general editorial writer. He is also a contributing editor of the "North American Review," a staff lecturer of the New York City Board of Education, and a member of the Council of New York University.

ANOTHER article by W. J. Henderson, musical critic for the New York "Herald," appears in this issue.

EDWIN M. BROOKS'S New England reserve and modesty made him prefer to run the risk of a rejection rather than to supply us with biographical material.

WILBUR O. HEDRICK is a true and loyal Michiganite. He was born in South Bend, Indiana, but he has lived practically all his life in Michigan. He graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College in 1891, and in 1903 returned as Professor of Economics, a position which he has held ever since. In 1909 he received a doctor's degree in philosophy from the University of Michigan. He is the author of "History of Railroad Taxation in Michigan" and "The Michigan Milk Commission."

JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL has played the newspaper game in the United States, Canada, Scotland, and England and has held every job from cub to that of editor. He has contributed to periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, written short stories, and fought in France during the war with a Scotch regiment. And all this while still in his "twenties." At present Mr. Drawbell is free-lancing in New York.

EARL CHRISTMAS was born in Kansas, and grew up on an Oklahoma farm. He was graduated from the University of Oklahoma and later took a course in journalism at the University of Missouri. Following graduation he traveled over most of the Middle West and eventually settled in St. Paul, where he has been engaged in journalism ever since, with the exception of a year in the service.

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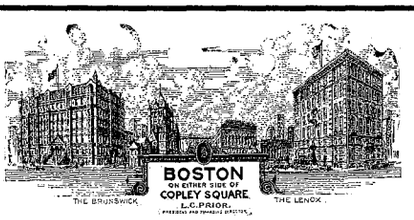

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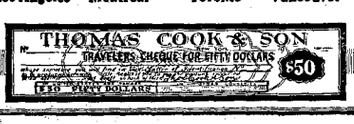

BY THE WAY

"SKIM milk used to be considered as nearly worthless as anything might well be," a chemist says in "Collier's." "Now it turns up as hair combs, fountain pens, and paper sizing. I recall a manufacturer who was making a water paint out of glue and gypsum. He found a German product which was better than glue, but the Germans wanted 30 cents a pound for it—which was more than he could pay. The German product, on analysis, proved to be only a mixture of casein and lime. Casein is easily prepared from skim milk. We made some for him. The man's factory was in a dairy country. Since then he has accumulated a large fortune selling his improved paint. He might well quarter a cow on his coat of arms."

In a recent examination of students before a medical board in a Southern State, according to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, one question asked was: "Give the quantitative analysis of uric acid." Following the examination there was much discussion among those examined as to the fairness of this question. Finally a colored applicant who had just graduated from a Northern institution said:

"Last night I was kinda expectin' a question on uric acid, so I got down my book and looked it up. The article was so long and such hard readin' that I decided no white gentleman down in Virginia would ever ask any such question so I stopped studyin'."

"A new book on George Borrow is very welcome," says the editor of the London "Sphere." The book's title is "George Borrow, Lord of the Open Road," and the author is R. Thurston Hopkins. "For more than twenty years after his death," the editor goes on, "Borrow's works were much neglected, and his life an enigma. Since then there have been many books. I myself have perpetrated one. Naturally I think my life of George Borrow one of the best biographies in the English language. The reviewers did not think so when it appeared, but then I have never pretended to attach much importance to the judgment of the critics."

Danny (as quoted by the New York "Evening Mail")—"Mamma, are you going to get that fur coat from papa for your birthday?" Mamma—"No, darling." Danny—"Have you tried throwing yourself on the floor and kicking with your feet like I do?"

The £90,000 which Lloyd George is to receive for his memoirs is in marked contrast with the £20 which Milton is sometimes said to have received for "Paradise Lost," remarks the New York "Evening Post." "It is said that Winston Churchill will receive nearly £50,000 for all rights to his memoirs. The Kaiser is a bad third with £40,000. When we pass from lump sums in advance to royalty checks, we of course enter quite another field. It is stated that A. S. M. Hutchinson has already received the tidy sum of £70,000 for 'If Winter Comes,' and more is rolling in. What H. G. Wells got out of the 'Outline of History' seems not to be known, but it is known that Wells is a millionaire." Some of these profits represent chickens before they are hatched, for American papers have canceled contracts that would have brought £40,000 to Lloyd George.

"In regard to Texarkana," a correspondent says, "you did not go far enough with it. The name is taken from three States—*Tex*as, *Ark*ansas, and Louisi*ana*. The main street of this city is actually divided between the States of Texas and Arkansas."

"He says that animals of the cat specie will never forget an injury," a special article in the New York "Herald" says. The writer who uses "specie" as the singular of species is matched by the man who speaks of "working in a quart mine."

A well-known efficiency engineer, according to the "Treasure Chest," took his children to see the great steamship, the Majestic. He wanted to impress on their minds the fact that the Majestic was the biggest steamship ever built, so he took them all over the boat and explained everything to them in detail. When they arrived home Dan, who was the spokesman for the crowd, began with the thing that had impressed him most: "Oh, mother, just think, they had two dining-rooms. After you had eaten all you wanted in one dining-room you could go into the other and eat some more and they wouldn't know anything about it."

"At the risk of seeming to indulge in national boastfulness," says the author of "Rome and the World To-Day," "I believe it can be said that there is a striking resemblance between the busts and statues of the leaders in Roman history and many of the public men of the United States a generation ago. I knew a former Federal Judge who could have sat for a bust of Julius Cæsar. Justices Miller, Bradley, Strong, and Harlan, of the Supreme Court of the United States, each had the same type of countenance as Cicero. Is it to be taken as an indication that our National stock and character are changing, since such faces are not to-day found in our National Congress and in our courts?"

"One reason why the Leader is often a little bit late in coming out," says the editor of the Tarpon Springs (Florida) "Leader," "is that we frequently have a number of fair visitors who come in to leave a news item or an ad, or something of the kind, and at such times we always, like a true Southern gentleman, take our pipe out of our mouth and lay it down somewhere and after they are gone it always takes about fifteen minutes to find it again."

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THE MAIL BAG

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE

MR. GILBERT'S article appearing in a recent number of The Outlook on the St. Lawrence canalization project is most interesting, discussing, as it does, a matter of National importance, and one that is misunderstood by the people at large, who are not familiar with the practical side of the question, viz., to open up the Middle West to direct Atlantic commerce.

Mr. Gilbert well sets forth the proposition, but naturally does it as an engineer, and not from the standpoint of the ship-owner or transportation operator. He evinces an idealistic longing, and not a proposition that would appeal to capital. The Middle West has long since dreamed of a deep-sea outlet, failing to realize the difficulties in the way—that she is two thousand miles inland and that for five months of the year all navigation is closed. No seaport so far removed from the Atlantic Ocean can compete with one on the seaboard. Vessels seek the nearest harbor where there is a market and where rail facilities are to be found and where a return cargo may be expected. For such advantages a ship will pay greater port charges and the consumer or manufacturer a greater freight rate. It is not reasonably possible to conceive a lake city successfully contending with one on the Atlantic seaboard. The St. Lawrence River canalization project, stripped of the fog surrounding it, reveals a hydroelectric water-power proposition, a thing greatly to be desired, but to be obtained under conditions very dissimilar to the method proposed. Why saddle a reasonable project with the overweight of an uneconomic shipping project? Hydroelectric water power to an extent of 1,000,000 horse power can be had in the State of New York, and even now plans looking to such requirement are being developed by the State authorities. By the terms of the proposal this country is asked to enter into a joint partnership with Canada on a "fifty-fifty" basis to build and operate the canalized river and lakes. This in itself is a dangerous proposal, involving many points of discord. The Federal Government should use its resources to build up and develop territory within its own boundaries and not enter into "entangling alliances." The writer of the article fails to take into sufficient consideration the fact that there now exists an outlet from the lakes to the Atlantic Ocean by way of the enlarged Barge Canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson River. One-fifth of the capabilities of this great waterway, which has cost the State of New York $170,000,000, have not been utilized.

In reality, the thing that the lake cities long for is on the point of realization. By 1923 the Barge Canal will offer facilities to that five per cent of export trade which originates in the fifteen States tributary to the Great Lakes. The canal has been deepened for the passage of 2,000-ton self-propelled vessels, numerous corporations have been organized to construct and operate modern steel barges which can take on cargo at Duluth, Minnesota, and then under their own power proceed and without break of bulk land their burden alongside the wharf in New York Harbor or on the deck of the vessel outward bound, and all at a rate that is reasonable and economic. As already stated, the St. Lawrence River route is ice-bound for five months of every year. This in itself is prohibitory in competition with well-equipped ports where vessels arrive and leave throughout the year. It is said that a vessel passes through the Narrows in New York Harbor every twenty minutes of daylight. Our American railways, in order to accommodate the ever-growing business of the Western States, must be kept at peak, and to attain this economically must obtain a twelve months' business. Are we to antagonize and limit the means by which this country was developed? Are we to expend an enormous sum (not yet stated, as no estimates have been made of the cost of dredging and enlarging lake city harbors) to divert from our trunk line railways the freight rightfully belonging to them and enter into a plan to send the ocean-bound commodity through a canal two thousand miles long, physically bordering more on the Canadian shore than on that of this country, and to do this by spending a fabulous sum of the taxpayers' money, enter into a moneyed partnership with a foreign Government, divert just Government appropriations from our old Atlantic seaboard harbors, ignore the adequate facilities already at hand, and antagonize transportation interests wherein American capital is represented by billions of invested funds? Certainly not. It is unreasonable to conclude or contemplate this either from a commercial or a financial standpoint.

I have referred to the needs of our Atlantic seaboard. Let me cite one enterprise that is now being considered. For several years the project of enlarging the inland waterways along the Atlantic coast has been discussed with an ever-increasing interest. Step by step openings have been made from one waterway (river, sound, or bay) until now it is possible to navigate light-draught vessels from Portland, Maine, to Jacksonville, Florida, inside the coast line and away from the ocean's perils and the danger of an enemy fleet. One link in the chain is imperfect—the short stretch of forty miles across the State of New Jersey from Morgan, on Raritan Bay, to Bordentown, on the Delaware River, just below Trenton. At about the point of entrance on the Delaware, "the busiest river in the United States," are situated Philadelphia, Camden, and Chester. By such a route a distance of 180 miles is saved from Philadelphia to New York, and that largely outside navigation. Consider what this would mean to the iron and coal interests and to the manufactures of New England. How much more reasonable to ask the Federal Government for the necessary appropriation for this work (about $40,000,000) than to enlist in an effort to enter into the Canadian partnership, involving perhaps $1,000,000,000. As to the St. Lawrence River project, I am not objecting to it as a dream, but combat it as an uneconomic business proposition involving great expenditure of capital at a time when the world is knocking at our doors asking for aid, a serious entrance into financial partnership with a state not under our jursdiction, as diverting strength from our seaboard cities, as injuring vast railway interests, and all in the end to meet with failure by not accomplishing the results aimed at.

HERMANN DE SELDING.

New York City.

OUT OF OUR DEPTH

THERE is an odd mistake in your article headed "Clark of the Oregon" in the issue of October 11. Jupiter Inlet, on the coast of Florida, is a practicable harbor for small boats only, having at times not over three feet of water on the bar, and probably never more than five or six feet. Captain Clark may have sighted Jupiter Light at that date, but he certainly did not steam into Jupiter Inlet.

C. W. COMAN.

Fullerton, California.

SENATOR SMOOT AND THE MORMON SUCCESSION

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
The Council of The Twelve
Salt Lake City
47 E. So. Temple St., Dec. 9, 1922.

THE following is a quotation from an article entitled: "A Radical in Power," published in The Outlook of November 29, 1922:

> This is not his gravest problem. Smoot is next in line for the Presidency of the Mormon Church, an office which any good Mormon considers the most exalted on earth. The President, Heber Grant, is very old, and likely to die at any moment. If Smoot were ready to take the Mormon Presidency, Grant would probably resign immediately.

As a matter of fact, Senator Smoot is not next in line for the Presidency of the Mormon Church. There is another member of the Church who is ahead of him.

It may also be said that President Heber J. Grant is by no means "a very

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